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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. G. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

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Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 19, 1889-tf.

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RUBBER CO.

[illegible] of the heel lined with [illegible] and prevents slipping off.

[illegible] Spreader"

[illegible] GIVE COUNTERS"

[illegible] run or jump in them.

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Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, It was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.
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Respectfully, F. H. HITCHINGS.

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Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

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WITH BLACK DIAMOND ROOFING TO COVER THE SKY.
WHY GO SO FAR FROM THE LAND OF YOUR BIRTH?
BECAUSE IT ALREADY COVERS THE EARTH.

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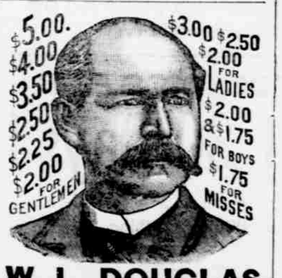

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FOR RESIDENCES, CHURCHES, CEMETERIES, FARMS GARDENS, Gates, Arbors, Window Guards, Trellises, Fire-proof PLASTERING LATH, DOOR MATS, &c. Write for Illustrated Catalogue; mailed free

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THE QUARTETTE'S ANTHEM.

Oh, yes; I heerd the anthem sung by thaet big church quartette;
My wife she raved about it but I kep' my own mouth shet;
"No sweeter song," she sed, 'is sung by any angel's lip"—
An' I sot still an' heerd her talk an' never raised a yip.

They sang: "We Shall Be Changed;" that's all; that's all, or purty nigh;
"We shall be changed—we shall be changed—we shall be changed." See I:
"If you perpose all day an' night jest them same words to sing,
Why I should think a change would be a very proper thing."

The tenor sang "We shall be changed;" an' then struck in the base,
Who sang "We shall, we shall be changed," from the bottom of his face.
The alto and soprano then both tried their vocal range,
An' both emphatically expressed the certainty of "change."

The absence of ideas wuz drowned in plenteousness of voice,
What strict economy of words an' extravagance of noise!
For they were stingy of their words and generous of their strains,
An' they were spendthrifts of their lungs an' misers of their brains.

An' they call this mighty music; 'taint fer me to say it's not;
But I think music's better w'en it's slightly mixed with thought.
I think your lungs drive forth to men a more inspirin' strain
If they first have made connection with the ingine of yer brain.

W'en Maria rocked our boy to sleep an' sung her baby song
That quiet Sabbath evenin' with the shadders growin' long,
"The music of that baby song," sez I to her, sez I,
"It beats yer quartette anthem out an' knocks the thing sky-high!"
—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

BATTLING WITH A BEAR.

An Intrepid Hunter's Conflict with a Giant Grizzly

The carcass of a huge grizzly bear was brought into town a few days ago by Henry Robertson, who had killed the animal the day previous in one of the gorges of the Pinaleno mountains, lying to the northeast of this place. The body weighed over twelve hundred pounds, measuring five feet five inches in height, while its claws are fully four inches long and curved almost into fish-hooks. Robertson himself was in need of medical attention, for his legs and shoulder were badly torn and his countenance decorated with numberless scratches, indicating that the grizzly had considered her life worth fighting for. The hunter was accompanied by his two dogs, which, while only curs of mongrel breed, had, their proud owner declared, undoubtedly saved his life in the fight with the big bear, conducting themselves with a courage and intelligence that would have put to the blush many of their pedigreed and high-bred brethren. The dogs, Nip and Tuck, each exhibited severe wounds on the head and body, and listened with evident comprehension of the story to their master as he related it to the crowd gathered round the dead grizzly, betraying at any mention of themselves a pleased and proud excitement, and corroborating the narrative at intervals with many short barks and waggings of their stumpy, yellow tails. Robertson tells his story as follows:

I was looking for no particular game, and had started out toward the mountains more from idleness than any thing else, and only from force of habit had taken my rifle and belt, containing a revolver, hunting-knife and tomahawk. And, speaking of tomahawks, I'll say right here that for a fight at close quarters with man or beast it is the handiest weapon that was ever invented by white man or savage. The Indians, who patented it, as you might say, seeing that they had been hobnobbing with them for hundreds of years while the white man was following his plow's tail, knew more about wild animals and fighting than that white man, and he has never brought out any thing to equal the tomahawk in a hand-to-hand fight, for all his big blowing.

Well, I was sitting down to rest on the top of a little ridge after jogging along an hour or so when I heard the dogs that had gone on ahead and gotten out of sight barking as if they had gone mad. I knew they had found something worth having, so I went running down into the little dip below the ridge, and there I found them tearing round and round an opening in a heap of rocks sort of piled up till they made a good-sized cave, and acting like they had taken leave of their senses. But, excited as they were, it was easy to see they thought it better to be pretty cautious, too, for they would go rushing up to the mouth of the cavern and then come tearing back in a big hurry, as if they would almost make up their minds to tackle whatever it was and then on second thought give it up. I could not think what it was, for it never occurred to me that it might be a grizzly bear, for I had not seen or heard of one in these parts for ten years and over.

So I stepped over a big log that lay between me and the hole and looked in, when I heard a tremendous growl and a rustling of dry leaves that told me there was some large animal down there, though I still could not place it. I stuck my head nearer to the hole, and such another growling and gnashing of teeth was surely never heard. This time I saw pretty plainly two big eyes glaring at me out of the darkness like red-hot coals. I cocked my rifle, but found the log was too close for me to draw a sight on the animal; so I got on my knees, and, leaning back on the fallen tree, leveled my gun as well as I could, the bear all this time tearing up the ground and making the gorge fairly ring with his furious cries.

The dogs stopped barking, though, from pure excitement, and stood by me with their very hair bristling up like a porcupine's, and their tails as stiff as a ramrod. The big shining eyes of the beast seemed to get closer to the opening in the rocks, so I fired, aiming to hit between the eyes, but, as I found afterwards, the shot only passed through the muzzle about an inch below them, and seemed rather to make her as mad a fury than to disable her. Anyhow she fetched a yell to make a man's blood turn cold, and came bouncing through the smoke, rushing straight at me. I jumped to my feet, and having no time to aim and fire, made a push at her with my rifle, but she knocked the gun fifty feet into the air with one stroke of her paw, and with another slap knocked me down as easily as I could a child in arms, tearing my shoulders pretty badly by the blow.

I fell with my back across the log, and before I could draw a weapon from my belt the bear was upon me, crushing and nearly suffocating me with the weight of her big, hairy body. With her forepaws she hugged me round the shoulders in a clasp a little too loving to be altogether comfortable, and, pinning my arms to my side, would draw up her hind feet again and again, trying to rip me open it seemed. By the luckiest chance in the world I had on one of those oilskin jackets such as sailors wear and a pair of buckskin overalls, reaching to my knees, where my thick boots met them, and it was only my dress that saved me from being torn to pieces, for the bear's claws, as often as she tried to rip it, would slip over the smooth surface of the oilskin jacket and spend its force on my overalls and boots, which protected my legs to a great extent, though the flesh was badly torn even through them.

All this, though it takes some time to tell it, happened so quick that all I had been able to do before the bear grabbed me was to yell to Nip and Tuck. They actually seemed to be taken so aback at first by the sight of me lying on the ground with the bear on top that they could only stand still and look, with their eyes popping out of their heads; but when they did fairly take in the situation they made for that bear with no more ado than if she had been a pussy-cat. One took her by the ear and the other laid hold of her hind leg.

Now, bears have a trick of always letting go any thing they have their clutches on for the next thing that bothers them, and it was to this way of theirs that I owe being here to tell the tale, for if she had held on to me much longer I would have been suffocated, as sure as death. But when the dogs grabbed her she let go of me and turned on them, snapping her jaws and snarling like a devil gone mad. Away they went, tumbling over the rocks and crashing through the thick undergrowth as if it had been dried grass—the dogs too cute to get in the face of the bear and only worrying her from behind whenever they could, and the bear too big and clumsy to get a good chance at them.

While this scramble was going on I got on my feet and ran to get my gun, but I found the muzzle full of snow and the ramrod gone, so I drew my pistol and rushed back to help the dogs. I fired when I thought I could hit the bear without hurting the dogs, but as chance would have it the pistol snapped. Just at that moment the bear made a sudden rush at Tuck, and the two, struggling and yelping and growling, rolled over a ledge of rock and disappeared.

Though I was still dizzy and sore from my fall, with the blood running down my legs and face, I could not leave my faithful friends to fight it out alone, so I dropped the blamed pistol, and, drawing my tomahawk, I jumped over the ledge right in the thick of the shindy. The grizzly now dropped the dog and turned to me again, but I jumped to one side and caught her by the nape of the neck, striking at her forehead. She turned to bite my arm as I brought my arm down and the weapon glanced, nearly cutting off one of her ears, which made her turn her head to that side, so giving me a chance to strike her again. I took good aim that time and succeeded in burying the tomahawk in her brain, so that she fell at my feet without a struggle or a groan.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PATIENT WORSHIPERS.

A Preacher Whose Audience Did Not Depend on His Eloquence.

A clergyman, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, was lamenting the fact that his congregation appeared to be restless during his sermons, and declared that many of the members of his flock would get up right at a time when he fancied himself most impressive, and would leave the house.

"That's bad," answered a young preacher, "but I must say that I do not experience any such annoyance. Not a single member of my congregation gets up and goes out during services."

"You don't say so?" the first speaker exclaimed. "How do you manage it?"

"I don't manage it at all—seems to manage itself."

"Don't they complain when you preach a long sermon?"

"No. I've never heard a word of complaint."

"That is indeed singular. Your people must have been exceptionally well brought up."

"No, I think not."

"Then you must be one of the most eloquent of men. What is the style of your preaching?"

"O, rather dry, I am compelled to admit. I do not possess the faculty of drawing an interesting illustration or of throwing out a bright idea."

"Well, well! I have never heard of any thing so wonderful. And you tell me that no one ever gets up and goes out."

"Yes; that's what I tell you."

"Well, I don't understand it at all."

"O, it is easy enough to explain. I am chaplain at the penitentiary."

UNPLEASANT WOMEN TO MEET.

WOMEN who wear diamonds with calico dresses.

SNEERING women, who snap at your clothes, your family and your friends.

WOMEN who talk baby talk to each other and kiss each other on all occasions.

WOMEN who gossip, and who never fail to tell you disagreeable things said of you.

SIMPERING, babyish women, who haven't brains enough to know when they're hungry.

WOMEN who wear rainbow gowns on the street and a whole millinery store on their heads.

WOMEN with voices as sweet as a turtle dove's coo in society and like a buzz saw in the family.

HYSTERICAL women, who burst into floods of tears if you cross them in the slightest particular.

BEAUTIFUL women, who think their beauty entitles them to all of the earth and a good share of the planets.

WOMEN who lug dogs around in their arms when there are millions of motherless, homeless children in the world.

Extraordinary Suicide.

A Vienna suicide of genius painted his initials and three crosses on a barrel of vinegar and then drowned himself inside.

MOTHER'S ROCKING CHAIR.

Of all the treasures I possess
I have not one so fair
Or one of half the worth to me
As mother's rocking chair.

They say it's old and worthless now,
Its rockers useless, worn,
With leaning back and broken arms,
And cushion sadly torn.

I love it for its priceless wealth
Of memories sweet and dear;
I love it for the loved and lost
Who oft have rested here.

My dearest earthly friend has sat
And rested in that chair;
And when I look upon it now
I seem to see him there.

I ever found him true and kind,
Unselfish to the end;
No other one has filled his place—
My father was that friend.

And still another—more than friend—
In days long, long gone by,
Has rocked to sleep, upon her breast,
With low, sweet lullaby

Her little helpless, darling babe,
Whom fondly she caressed;
And on her cheek, her lip and brow
Her kisses softly pressed.

And yet another, dearly loved,
Has pressed that cushion old.
And, seated here, a blushing maid,
I heard the story told,

The same old story, old as love,
And yet so sweet to hear,
With fond caress on lip and cheek
From lips we hold most dear.

You heard my childhood's griefs and joys
And saw my girlhood pride;
You saw me learn to fondly love,
You held me next, a bride.

And then you saw my mother love,
My wifely griefs and cares;
You lulled my child as you had me,
And heard my low-breathed prayers.

Unsightly thing to other eyes,
To mine thou art most dear.
A lifetime's sorrows to thee cling,
Its joys are centered here.

Then wonder not because I love
My mother's rocking chair;
For all I ever loved on earth
Hath left a memory there.
—Farm and Home.

A QUESTION OF POLICY.

The Ways of an Insurance Agent Are Indeed Mysterious

How Old Bolus Was Induced to Take Out a Policy Through the Machinations of Two Sharp-Witted Insurance Fiends.

Milton J. Tonteen was a young insurance agent who was naturally very anxious to get business for his company. That in fact was what he was there for. He looked on all humanity, individually and collectively, as risks. Every man who walked the streets was to him a risk, good or bad. He buttoned-holed people on the street and whispered a few words to them about the necessity of insuring while it was yet time, and he followed people into their offices until many a man was worried into taking a policy that he felt he did not need, but he had to do it in self-defense if he expected to get any more work done during the rest of his natural life.

There was one man that young Tonteen wanted very much to get, and that was old Bolus, the millionaire. He felt that if he could rake in the old man, who was not so very old after all, it would be a good name with which to get others, because every thing that Bolus touched seemed to turn to gold, and people were very much in the habit of trying to get into the schemes in which the old man Bolus was interested. Tonteen had tried and tried again to get Mr. Bolus interested in life insurance, but his efforts had all been without avail. He was talking one time about this millionaire to a friend of his, a young physician, when the latter said:

"Look here, Tonteen, one good turn deserves another. Now, if you make me one of the examiners for your company I'll agree to help you rake in old man Bolus."

"It's a bargain," said Tonteen, and forthwith the young physician was appointed.

"Now," said that gentleman to Tonteen, "you go to Bolus and offer him ten thousand dollars insurance for nothing."

"Oh, but I can't do that," said Tonteen; "the company would never sanction such a proceeding."

"That's all right," replied the doctor, "you go and offer him that and see how quick he will jump at it."

"Why, if you offered old Bolus a cent he would take it quicker than wink."

"You offer him the insurance and tell him there will be nothing to pay and send him to me to be examined."

So the next time that Tonteen went into the office of Mr. Bolus he said to him, notwithstanding that gentleman's frown and wave of the hand: "Look here, Mr. Bolus, business is business. I will not conceal from you the fact that if I got you on our list it would be a very good thing for our company. Our company recognizes that, and so they authorize me to offer you $10,000 insurance on your life for nothing. We will take the risk for the advantage it will give us to carry you. Of course you understand that this thing has to be kept quiet; we wouldn't care to have anybody else know it."

"That's all right," said Bolus, genially. "Now, young man, you are talking sense. I will accept that proposition, and some time perhaps I will take a little more in your company."

"I am sure," said Tonteen, "when you see the advantages of carrying life insurance that you will have more of it. Now, if you can call around on our examiner, Dr. Bones, corner First and Blank streets, he will examine you."

"See here," said Bolus, "I haven't time to go fooling round a doctor's office; can't you send him up here?"

"All right," said the insurance agent, "I'll see about it. What time would suit you best?"

"Oh, I don't know; any time in the forenoon," and so it was arranged.

Young Dr. Bones was kept waiting some time for Mr. Bolus, but at last he was asked to step into the private office, and the door closed behind him. He stood the old man up and made him breathe long breaths, and then thumped him on the shoulders and listened to his heart, and placed his ear back of him in front of him in different positions, and finally stood up and looked at the millionaire severely.

"Ever been rejected by any insurance company?" said the doctor.

"Certainly not, sir," answered Bolus, hotly; "never applied for a cent of insurance in my life."

"Well, I am sorry to say, Mr. Bolus, that I can not recommend our company to take you as a risk. There is something the matter with your heart. You may drop dead at any moment, sir."

Old Bolus turned pale and then sank into his office chair again.

"Oh, it may be nothing serious," said the doctor, "only our company is very careful about such matters, and of course I have a great responsibility. If you should drop off three months after I have made this examination then I would be in trouble. I wish you good morning, sir."

Old Bolus sat for some time looking into space and paid no attention to the knocks at his door. Finally he called up his boy and told him to telephone to Mr. Tonteen. When that gentleman came he found the millionaire in a state of mind.

"See here," he said, "what do you mean by offering me $10,000 insurance and then having your physician reject me? What do you expect to make by that sort of conduct, sir?"

"Really," said Tonteen, "has he rejected you? Why, I wouldn't have thought it. You look to me as healthy a man as walks the streets."

"And so I am, sir; and so I am."

"Well, see here," said Tonteen, confidentially, "this is rather serious, you know. Perhaps Bones is mistaken."

"Of course he's mistaken," cried the millionaire, smiting his fist on the desk.

"Well, the trouble will be that if you apply for insurance anywhere else you will have to tell them that you have been rejected by our company."

"But, sir, I haven't been rejected. I never made application to your company and I refuse to have it considered so."

"I am sorry to say," said Tonteen, "that your application has already gone in; you remember you signed it? Now, I'll tell you what we had better do, Mr. Bolus; you come around with me to old Squills. He's not half so particular as our other man. Perhaps he will pass you all right."

"Very well, Mr. Tonteen, I will do so," said the millionaire, with a sigh of relief.

"But, of course, you understand it can not be on the first arrangement? You see, I took you for being as sound a man, as I said, as any that walks the streets. It seems that you are not so, and if you get into an insurance company at all now, let me tell you you are mighty lucky and making a very good speculation of it. I only do this now because I have offered you the free insurance, and because if your application were rejected by our company you would not be accepted by any other company. I may get into trouble on account of this as it is, but we had better go and see what Dr. Squills says."

Dr. Squills did not make nearly so thorough an examination as Dr. Bones, and he had no hesitation in passing the subject all right.

Mr. Tonteen is now a very successful insurance agent, but he never cares to tell how he landed old man Bolus into the insurance net.—Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

LOVE IN A FLAT.

The Thin Young Man and the Shapely Young Woman.

If history simply repeats itself one can [illegible] having a faint suspicion that the old mound-dwellers are having some sort of repetition in the blocks of modern New York flat houses, of the type which is multiplying so rapidly in the hitherto empty and rock bound streets of upper New York. Two series of box-like rooms constitute two flats for each floor, and thus a block of ten houses within their five stories shelters one hundred families. To watch for a few minutes daily from an opposite window the curious characteristics of such a throng of neighbors grows to be a fascinating occupation. A Tribune reporter has been studying incidents through open windows lately, and here are some of the results.

The young woman on the top floor opposite seemed extremely agitated. She hung a large portion of her rather shapely form dangerously far out of the window, until the on-lookers would have been alarmed had they not been convinced that somewhere within the room a pair of pedal anchors were securely holding fast. She looking anxiously up the street and down in a way significant of some one's coming, a waiting and watching that was soon rewarded by the appearance of a tall, thin young man on the horizon. The marvelous occurrences that followed the advent of the tall, thin young man in the parlor of the top flat, beginning with a series of torpedo-like kisses and the sudden disappearance of gas-light, defy description.

In about three minutes the tall, thin young man and his hostess appeared at the window. They thoughtfully provided against wear and tear on the furniture by using only one chair.

"Awfully glad to see you," he said, giving the other occupant of the chair an athletic hug.

"You sassy thing!" she screamed.

The thin young man disregarded this remark by administering another large hug, followed by a series of little tremor hugs and ten or a dozen pop kisses.

"Go 'way!"

"I won't."

Four toy-pistol kisses.

"I like your sass."

"I know you do."

At this juncture there was a dive and a jump, the external symptoms of a pinching match.

"O-o-ch!"

"Never do it again?"

"Never!" Bang, bang, depreciating into the long rattle of kissing musketry. The opportune arrival of a thunderstorm at this point compelled the shutting of windows, and incidents in the parlor of the top-floor flat no longer engrossed the attention of the opposite community.

Compressed Air Torpedo.

Still another torpedo, this one the invention of an Austrian Count, Buonacorsi by name, has made its appearance in the European naval and military world. According to official and private reports of the trial of this instrument they were eminently successful, giving results superior even to those obtained from the Whitehead. The motive power is compressed air, acting directly from a reservoir upon the propeller without any assistance or intervention from machinery. The propulsion is effected by twin screws working inversely and giving a velocity greater and more continuous, it is contended, than any obtained in other torpedoes. One remarkable feature of this invention is the faculty of automatic guidance, which enables it to avoid protective nets and shields, and to dive any distance before rising to give its blow.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I see a lad deserted by his mates,
Because his ways were little to their mind,
Turn sick at heart, shed tears to make him blind;
So sad, that never have the after-fates
Brought pain that pinched more close, a day more dark,
Though many since have fallen keen and stark;
And yet we call our childhood sort and kind!

Again I see him, stretched along the floor,
Reading with bated breath and blue eyes keen,
Of her the mystic maiden called Undine;
Of how she won a knight beside the shore,
With looks that stirred his heart to nameless fears.
The reader burst into a storm of tears
That day she sank beneath the waters green.

Now, older grown, but still a very lad,
He stands beside a woman, strokes her hair,
And touches, timidly, the love locks there,
Laying his soul before her beauty glad,
Though she be twice his years. He draws his breath,
More worshipfully than to his hour of death
He will again—a lad's first love is fair!

One night, he lies abed in wakefulness,
The while his mother plays and sings below
Some dim sweet melody of long ago,
And sad withal, beyond his saddest guess;
Until the childish heart swells big with pain,
Through all the years it sounds for him again,
That mother's voice, that music sobbing so!

And last, one day stands out from those gone by,
And those that followed, as a single tree
Stands out, a creature lonesome utterly,
Upon a desert 'gainst a flaming sky.
'Twas when his father died; he made no sound,
But in a secret place upon the ground
They found him—dazed and dumb that such could be.

Ah, recollections, how ye throng and set
Time's dial back, until the by-gones teem
With potent doings! How the child days seem
As dewy as a spring-time violet.
Sad as the flower, too, when night tide comes.
Yet sweet with all the sweets her bosom sums;
Yea, bitter-sweet—a message and a dream!
—Richard E. Burton, in N. Y. Independent.

DON'T ROB THE MAIL.

Post-Office Inspectors Relate Interesting Anecdotes.

As a rule, the secret service of the Post-Office Department contains some of the hardest-worked employes of the Government. Very few persons outside of the mail service know of the duties of a post-office inspector, but suffice it to say that a day's duty of an inspector contains half a dozen thrilling romances.

When one becomes statistical and glances at the vast amount of mail matter which annually passes through the post-office of the country, he can not for the life of him even imagine how a mere handful of inspectors can trace at all the many petty robberies of the mail and secure evidence enough to convict the perpetrators.

There is a wonderful system about an inspector's daily work, but even with this system he is worked like a Trojan in the battlements from early morning until late at night. He has no regular hours. He may be found on duty any time from one midnight to the next. No one except his superior and himself knows his business, and it will readily be on that one of the greatest requisites to make a good inspector is a love silence.

Around the walls of the Government building, if one will look closely, he will observe what appears as registers, high up near the ceiling. They are innocent looking enough to distract the suspicions of the most wily thief. But every day, behind one of these iron gratings, there may be found a post-office inspector, intently watching the actions of the clerks, either in the main distributing room or in the register or money order departments.

Should there happen to be any complaints of missing mail there is a scurrying in the inspection department, and every man on the staff is put on to test his mettle with the case which confronts the department. And the wonder is that nine times out of ten the case is worked to a successful conclusion and the guilty person convicted of the heinous crime of tampering with Uncle Sam's mail.

"We get some pretty tough cases," said an old inspector recently, "but it has been my fortune to run down every case on which I was set to work."

"What was the most difficult case you ever handled?" asked a reporter.

"It happened while I was stationed at Utica, N. Y., about seven years ago," replied the inspector. "Many letters containing valuables had been missed, and by dint of hard work we managed to trace the job down to one clerk, a shaved-faced young fellow of about twenty-two years. He was a clerk who distributed the letters into the boxes of the carriers.

"As I said, we managed to get this far on the case and then I set my trap. I had a decoy letter containing a twenty-dollar gold piece mailed from a country town in Connecticut to a prominent stove dealer in Utica. The letter failed to reach the carrier promptly, and I felt we had our man solid at last.

"I waited for him until the dinner hour, and as he was leaving the office accosted him. He came with me, and look as closely as I might I failed to detect any signs of uneasiness in his features; they were perfectly immobile. He walked with me into the office of the postmaster and submitted to a thorough search, but no trace of the letter or twenty-dollar gold piece was found on his person.

"To say I was dumfounded is drawing it mildly. He appeared to be very indignant. But whether I was right or wrong at the time, the petty robberies came to a sudden stop. No more complaints were heard for a month. Then they began again. This time I was bound I would not fail, so I set a close watch on my man.

"One day when I was about to give up the case in despair, I noticed the fellow tearing up an envelope and dropping it to the floor. When he had gone I picked up the scraps of paper, and after a hard job managed to piece it. I was disheartened when I saw that the envelope had been addressed to himself. I was about to walk away when a sudden idea struck me.

"I came down the next morning before the young clerk came to work, and stationed myself behind a letter-rack, free from observation, but in such a position that I could see the fellow's every action. I saw him take several stamped and addressed envelopes from his pocket and walk over to the stamping table and cancel the stamps. During the course of the morning I saw the fellow slip four letters inside of as many envelopes and seal the envelopes. Then I knew my suspicions were correct. I went to the carrier who carried the letter to the young man's home and secured the four letters addressed to the fellow himself.

"'Have you carried many letters like this?' I asked him.

"'Yes, sir,' the carrier said; 'I carry four or five a day.'

"I then called the fellow into my office and told him we had determined to have the mail of all clerks delivered at the office to lighten the duties of the carriers. I then told him that I had four letters for him and handed him the missives I had received from the postman. The fellow turned pale and was on the verge of fainting when I asked him to open and read the letters in my presence.

"With trembling hands he did so, and inside the envelopes, addressed to himself, I found four valuable letters addressed to a big wholesale house. He broke down and confessed that he had been stealing for about six months, and that during that period he had abstracted nearly fifteen hundred dollars from business letters. He had spent the money in gambling."

"The hardest case I ever had to work on," broke in another inspector, "turned out to be no case at all. It was in a small town in Ohio a few months ago. From this town had come numerous complaints of missing mail, valuable and valueless pieces disappearing regularly. I was sent down to work the matter up. I worked as hard as I could and failed to detect any guilty person amongst the several employed in the office.

"As a dern ler resort I determined to spend one night in the office. It proved to be a very successful night. Shortly before midnight I heard a scratching in the lower letter boxes and carefully began to investigate. I opened a drawer and out jumped a big rat. I watched him disappear through a hole and then went home.

"Next day the floor was torn up and in that rat's hole we found scraps of paper, checks and currancy, all used as a soft, downy bed for the family of rodents. It was a blessing for the town, as a new post-office was secured at once."

"One time," said another inspector, "I was fooled by a pair of high-topped boots. Many letters had been missing from the mail trains running between Cincinnati and New York. By means of decoy letters I traced the robberies down to a railway mail clerk, but was unable to catch him in a theft for a long time.

"After many letters had disappeared I got mad one wet night, and just as the clerk stepped from his car I placed him under arrest. The truth of the matter was that I really had no grounds which to arrest him, so I took him to 'I and rented one room for both of

'A nice grate fire was made in the room, and I took off my shoes to dry my feet in the grateful warmth. My prisoner remained quietly in his chair until I requested him to remove his big boots and feel more comfortable.

"Then he began to fidget uneasily, and I grew suspicious. With a rush and a jerk I pulled off one of his boots, and out dropped three letters to the floor. The other boot yielded up half a dozen. Never until that moment had I had the least suspicion of those clumsy, big boots, and were it not for that lucky grate fire I should probably have never been

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - FEBRUARY 6, 1891.

On Wednesday of last week the Legislature of Nevada re-elected Senator Jones United States Senator for the fourth time.

Hon. John Farrell, one of Clearfield county's representatives has introduced a bill in the Legislature providing that a ton of bituminous coal be fixed at 2,000 pounds and a bushel at 76 pounds and compelling the employment of check weighman and standard scales.

It is a fortunate thing for Cambria county that a new Commissioner was elected on the board before many bridges were projected like the one let on Tuesday. One Commissioner will not make a quorum, but one competent official on the board will be very useful to the taxpayers.

Hon. Samuel Butler, Ex-State Treasurer of this State died at his home in West Chester, on Monday afternoon after a lingering illness, aged 65. He served two terms in the lower House of the Legislature and in 1879 was elected State Treasurer on the Republican ticket, serving two years.

In the Senate at Harrisburg, on Tuesday Senator Neely's bill requiring murderers to be hanged in the Eastern and Western penitentiaries instead of the jailyards of each county as at present was unanimously passed and ordered to be sent to the House for concurrence. Should his bill pass and become a law it will not likely interfere with the execution of murderers at present under sentence, although we have not as yet seen the full text of the bill.

A legislative committee comissioned by the State to make inquiry into the causes leading to the Mammoth mine disaster with a view of a thorough revision of the State mining laws, concluded their labors at the mine on Tuesday and departed for Harrisburg. The evidence is principally of a sensational character. All the testimony presented favors conclusively that Fire Boss William Snaith, who was among the victims of the recent calamity, was derelict in his official duties as he was addicted to the liberal use of intoxicating liquor.

Dr. Wetherill, Secretary of the State Board of Lunacy, has just made a tour of inspection among the State hospitals, and has made a report to the Board. In the five State institutions for the insane he found about 5,215 inmates, distributed as follows: Norristown Hospital, 1,900; Harrisburg, about 870; Warren, 778; Diamond, 745, and Danville, 972. Dr. Wetherill spent a week at each of these places, going through all the departments thoroughly, and he reports that he found them in admirable condition, with the exception that they are overcrowded. Measures will be taken to induce the Legislature to provide for extra accommodations.

What is the McKinley bill, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, doing for the country? Let us see. Seven hundred ironworkers have been thrown out of employment at Pottstown and four hundred and fifty are without work at Birdsboro, Berks county. At Baney & Berger's blast furnace, New Castle, Pa., the employes have accepted a reduction of ten cents a day for laborers and fifteen cents for twelve-hour-turn men. At the Bethlehem steel works on Monday 1,000 employes were obliged to submit to a 10 per cent. reduction in pay. The same cut was made at the Emma blast furnace, Cleveland, O. Has anybody heard of an increase of wages in a protected industry since the McKinley bill went into effect?

With the Force bill removed, says the Philadelphia *Record*, there is but one remaining danger that seriously threatens the people in the present Congress. This is the gigantic steamship subsidy swindle, which, if made a law, would despoil the public Treasury of not less than $200,000,000 in the next ten years. A powerful lobby is still in Washington pushing the infamous measure in the interest of its chief beneficiaries. The main object of the bill is to make these persons presents of steamships built with the public money, and to pay them out of the Treasury for transporting ocean freights in their own interest. Thus far this scheme has been baffled by the vigilance of the Democratic minority and of a few Independent Republicans; but its promoters are on the watch for any opportunity to push it through the House when its opponents shall be off their guard.

On Thursday night of last week, while attending the annual banquet of the Board of Trade and Transportation, at Delmonico's in New York, William Windom, Secretary of the United States Treasury was suddenly taken ill and died in a few minutes thereafter without ever recovering consciousness. Mr. Windom had just concluded an able address and taken his seat when the fatal summons came. Mr. Windom was born in Belmont county, Ohio, on 10th May 1827. After attaining manhood he went to Minnesota, where he practiced law and in 1869 was elected to the thirty-sixth Congress as a Republican and was re-elected and served five terms. In 1870 he was appointed United States Senator from that State to serve an unexpired term and was twice re-elected. In 1871 President Garfield appointed him Secretary of the Treasury which position he held until the death of Garfield when he resigned and was again appointed United States Senator. After serving his term he was defeated for re-election and took no active part in politics until the election of President Harrison, when he was again appointed Secretary of the Treasury.

The colored people, says the Pittsburg *Post*, propose to test the sincerity of President Harrison's devotion to their race, which he has so energetically set forth in pushing the Force bill. There is a vacancy in the cabinet, and it is argued that if the President will invite to his council board a representative of the race that elected him by their votes in the pivotal States it will do more to break down race prejudice and advance the colored fellow-citizen than all the Force bills that were ever proposed, or all the sympathetic resolutions of Republican conventions or fine words in President's messages.

We believe this is a logical conclusion. If, instead of inviting Congress to weary months of debate on the rights and wrongs of the colored people, the President will, so to speak, take the bull by the horns, and name a clear grit, full-blooded citizen of purely African descent to a cabinet office it would serve as a precedent that might be fruitful in great results. President Harrison has yet to appoint a colored man to any office of the least account at the North, although he got his election by colored votes in the close States. He reserves official recognition for the Southern negro, and owing to unreasonable race prejudices at the South the selections are not always welcomed, but nothing of that kind need be feared at the North.

We of the North, thanks to the inborn and broad liberality that premeates our noble souls, have no race prejudices. We welcome the black man to his full share of the honors and emoluments of official station. Notice how many of them are holding lucrative places in our city, county and State administration. Why not have a sample article in the cabinet of the blue-blooded Harrison family. Congressman Dalzell, always eloquent on the wrongs of the race, should take up this matter. But alas, he will not. The gush is of the flabbiest surface variety.

Another mine horror occurred on Wednesday, this time in Luzerne county, by which eighteen miners lost their lives. The Spring Water coal mine at Jeanville, Luzerne county is operated by J. C. Hayden & Co., and the surface over the mines was covered by an acre of water, the recent heavy rains having increased the size of the pool. John Cole and Patrick Boyle went to work on Wednesday morning in a breast in No. 1 lift. No. 8 lift is just above No. 2, and was filled with water. Boyle drove his pick through the roof, which made a big opening, and immediately the water began to run down into the mine.

Boyle and Cole ran for their lives, and as they passed through the mine they cried out at the top of their voices for everybody to get out. This warning saved a great many lives, there being at the time 118 men at work in the mine. With every minute's time the hole letting in the water grew, and soon it was the size of a hogshead in diameter. The water then came into the mine like a torrent, driving everybody and everything before it. Mine cars were smashed to pieces and all the woodwork carried away. There were some narrow escapes. Men who were at work in distant parts of the mine had to race with the running flood. When they started the water was at their feet, but before they reached the bottom of the slope the water was up to the neck of some. Eighteen men are drowned in the mine, and it is estimated that it will take at least a month to pump out the water and reach them.

The report of the receipts and expenditures of Cambria county for the year 1890 is published on our 3rd page. The report of the Auditors bears out the assertions of the Freeman, heretofore made that the report for 1889 in giving out the indebtedness of the county was short the sum of four thousand three hundred and fifty dollars.

The item "balance on work done in 1889, $4,350," in this year's report, looks as innocent as a new born babe, despite the fact that Commissioners Campbell, Kirby and Lloyd, did not know of any such indebtedness at the time last year's settlement was made. At least the Auditors in their report for last year so informed the people.

The question naturally arises if the Commissioners and Auditors, under the sanctity of their official oaths would send out a lying report of the financial condition of Cambria county for 1889, is there any reliance to be placed on the report for 1890? It may be correct or it may not. And according to the way the Auditors treated that method of doing business this year it don't make any difference whether the report is correct or not. They practically say to the Commissioners: "You lied to the people in 1889 but we make it all right for you by allowing the amount to be paid in 1890. You are at perfect liberty to send out a lying report for 1890 for we will take care of you in 1891."

Governor Pattison on Tuesday sent his second veto message to the legislature. The Senate concurrent resolution providing for the printing of 10,000 copies of the inaugural address of Governor Pattison was returned without approval. He vetoed the concurrent resolution to print 10,000 copies of his inaugural address on the ground that the act of April 16, 1887, only permits the printing of 7,960 copies. In concluding his few marks on economy and the observation of the law, the Governor says: "While I appreciate the generous consideration which was intended by the legislative department, in the adoption of this resolution, I am fully pursuaded that the greatest good will be obtained by the disregard of personal feelings, and a undeviating adherence to the mandates of the fundamental and statute laws of the Commonwealth." This is a pointer that loosely drawn laws will not pass the executive scrutiny.

The Force Bill is now conceded to be dead.

His First Veto Message.

Governor Pattison sent to the Senate last evening a message vetoing the resolution passed by both branches of the Legislature calling on the United States Senators from this State to stand by the Force bill. It follows in full:

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Executive Department, Office of the Governor, Harrisburg, Feb. 2, 1891.—*To the Senate of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:* Gentlemen:—I herewith return, without my approval, the concurrent resolution of the Senate, adopted January 29, 1891, as follows, to wit:

Resolved, That our United States Senators be earnestly requested to use every honorable effort to secure the passage of the federal election bill.

The twenty-sixth section of Article three of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, provides that "every order, resolution or vote, to which the concurrence of both Houses may be necessary, (except of adjournment) shall be presented to the Governor, and, before it shall take effect, be approved by him, or being disapproved, shall be repassed by two-thirds of both Houses, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in case of a bill.

This section is the only warrant for the presentation to me of the resolution herewith returned.

In the absence of any more definite information than is contained in the terms of the resolution, I assume that the measure it is intended to favor is the bill now pending in the United States Senate to amend and supplement the election laws of the United States, popularly known as the "Force Bill." I am not willing to give my assent to any declaration in support of that measure, for "it trenches on the principle of local sovereignty," which is the essence of our free Government.

In the contemplation of the wise men who made the federal Constitution, it was both impliedly and expressly reserved to "the people of the several States" to choose their representatives in Congress; and their legislatures are entirely competent to "prescribe the times, places and manner of holding elections" for such representatives. There is neither public necessity nor popular demand for legislation which seeks to invade this right of the people and to transfer the choice of their representatives from state to federal regulation. The proposition to invest the executive and judicial branches of the federal government with the power to appoint agents to control the election of the legislative branch, is a most pernicious and dangerous one. The device to this end, which this resolution approves, involves the expenditure of many millions of dollars and the creation of enormous official patronage; it provides for canvassers gathered at remote distances from the election districts in which their powers are to be exercised; it degrades the judiciary by making it a political appliance to perpetuate the power which appointed it; it affects the State jurisdiction over elections for state, county, and districts, by authorizing federal supervisors to reject votes at such elections which, in their judgment, may be wholly or in part defective; and invites and provokes a collision of State and federal authority. As cumbersome, inquisitorial and expensive as it is unnecessary and unconstitutional, such a plan will not tend to secure free and untrammeled suffrage. On the contrary, it will destroy the purity and promote the tranquility of elections; it will awaken sectional discord, breed distrust and endanger business prosperity. Sound moral, material and political considerations alike demand that such a measure should be reprobated and not encouraged. Convened, as the general assembly of Pennsylvania is, to consider matters of State concern and to jealously protect the rights of its citizens, I can see no virtue in the approval of a measure which would yield to Federal interference and supervision what fairly belongs to people of the States, and what is constitutionally guaranteed to them.

I believe that an overwhelming majority, not only of the people of the country, but of our own Commonwealth, are heartily opposed to the features of this bill. It is of no consequence in this view what pledge has been made by any particular political faction, inasmuch as its foremost exponent had denied that it is a partisan measure, or that any man supporting it is actuated by a partisan purpose. Measures, as a question of general public concern, there is neither justification in the origin of the bill nor any wholesome effect to be secured by its passage. Nor has it gained in popular confidence in the attempt to enact it by suppressing that freedom of debate which is so supremely important to "the perfection of legislation, the dignity of the Senate, and to civil liberty itself." I cannot, therefore, consistently or conscientiously join in a request to the Senators of Pennsylvania to favor such an enactment.

Robert E. Pattison

A Mother's Awful Deed.

Horton, Kan., February 2.—News reached here last evening of the horrible act of an insane woman, who has been living on a farm seven miles west or here.

Mrs. Henry Wysong was left a widow two years ago with three children, the youngest 4 years old. She has been having a very hard time, and when the winter came she was almost destitute. The fear of starvation so preyed on her mind that she attempted to kill her children and herself.

The oldest, a boy of 12, escaped from her after she had cut his throat with a knife, and he then ran to a neighbor's, giving the alarm. He was almost exhausted from loss of blood.

The woman had the remaining two children with her, and, after inflicting mortal wounds on herself, she set fire to the house, and when the neighbors arrived they found it in flames. The charred remains of the three were found later.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. M. Shrout, Pastor Union Brethern Church, Blue Ridge, Neb., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased and my parishoners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well gaining 26lbs. in weight.

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest favor I can do my many thousands of friends is to urge them to try it. Free trial bottles at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto. Regular sizes 50c. and $1.00.

Pittsburg, Pa., February 4.—The back bone of one of the longest miners' strikes on record has been broken and Mine No. 4, of New York and Cleveland gas coal company at Turtle Creek, is now in operation after an idleness of nine months. The 400 men, formerly employed at No. 4, returned to work to-day, seventy-four cents being paid per ton for screened coal. The Plum Creek mines of the company are still idle.

Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C. Jan. 30, 1891.—Mr. Harrison dies hard, very hard. Senator Hoar and his radical colleagues recognize that their last defeat meant the final disposition of the Force bill, and they have accepted the result with the best grace possible although it is far from satisfactory to them. Not so Mr. Harrison. He is so wedded to the idea of Federal interference in Southern elections and its consequent benefit to him and his party that he refuses to believe the Force bill dead, and has begun scheming for another attempt to rush it through the Senate. He is strongly seconded by Speaker Reed and the House Republicans generally, but the idea has so far been very coldly received by the Senators whose recollection of the two square knock-downs they have already received while battling for this unpopular and unjust bill makes them shy of again entering the ring against the intelligent public opinion of the country.

Still there is no telling what these Republicans may do. It is certain that if they saw their way clear to pass the bill that they would again take it up. Their desire is as strong for the passage of the bill as it ever was, but it is the dread of another defeat that makes them hesitate. Democratic Senators are fully aware that all danger from this bill will not be passed until the close of the session, and they will see to it that the Republicans get no chance to catch them napping.

That the Democrats are always ready to aid in the transaction of legitimate business was shown when Senator Gorman notified the Republican steering committee that the Democrats were prepared to agree to any order of business which did not include the cloture rule or Force bill. The programme as arranged provides for the consideration of the following bills, after the Apportionment bill is disposed of; eight hour bill, Copyright, Pure-food, and the job of the session, the bill to guarantee the payment of $200,000,000 in bonds of the Nicaragua canal company. It is certainly a suspicious circumstance that this bill for the exclusive benefit of a corporation should have been given a place in the order of business when dozens of bills important to the country at large were left out. Some music ought to be heard when this bill gets before the Senate, and will be, unless I am very much mistaken.

The defeat of Senator Ingalls did not raise a cyclone of grief at the capitol.

Unless the Republicans attempt some of their tricks it is believed that all of the appropriation bills can be disposed of by the 4th of March, and an extra session avoided.

Chairman Dingley, of the House committee now investigating the silver pool scandal, is charged with having intimated, in a conversation with Mr. Payne, a member of the committee, that Senator Vest would never have been allowed to testify if he had known that he would "give away" Senator Cameron. This charge is not made by a Democrat, but by a good Republican, General H. V. Boyton. Mr. Dingly denies in, and General Boyton says W. B. Stevens heard the conversation in question. Its a nice mess, a Republican mess, all through, and before the committee finishes its labors it will be in need of being investigated.

The arguments in the Behring Sea case were heard by the Supreme Court this week. They contained nothing new on either side, thanks to the enterprise of our newspapers in having told us two weeks ago what points each side would try to make.

The anti-silver men have opened their campaign against free coinage by bringing a lot of Eastern bankers here to tell the House Coinage committee what a dangerous thing free coinage is. Another dodge of the antis, is to amend the free coinage bill so as to make it conform to the views of the President. Both schemes are meant to accomplish the same thing—delay, and that's how it will be beaten, if it is beaten. The committee will delay reporting it back to the House as long as possible and after it is reported Speaker Reed will delay its consideration if he can, and between all these delays the time will have become too short to pass the bill at this session.

Mr. Blaine isn't saying anything about the Force bill, but he has had a kind of and I told-you-so look ever since Mr. Harrison was knocked out at the same time his pet measure was. M.

It Will Require Money.

Chicago, February 1.—A local paper says that the finance committee reports that nothing less than $15,000,000 will meet the necessities of the directors of the World's Fair Columbian Exposition. This puts the directory in an awkward position. As the most but $10,000,000 will be at their disposal before May 1, 1893. That estimate is based on the supposition that every dollar of the popular subscription of $5,000,000 will be paid. In semi confidential conversation the directors admit that fully twelve per cent. of the popular subscription will not be paid. That estimate would leave $4,928,000, in addition to $5,000,000 to be derived from the sale of city bonds. There is an apparent deficiency of $5,072,000 between the probable receipts and the necessary expenditures. How to provide for the deficiency is a problem that must be solved by the directory.

Epech.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is grateful blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health to the use of the great alterative and tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and $1 per bottle at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

He Was a Slick "Hayseed."

Spartansburg, S. C. February 4.—William M. Zimmerman, store keeper and agent of the Farmers' alliance supply store in this city, is said to be short in his accounts from $15,000 to $80,000. One of Zimmerman's plans of operation was to open a store some distance from the regular alliance store and transfer goods to this establishment where he sold goods at reduced rates.

TAKE FOR
RHEUMATISM
GOUT, BACKACHE, Pains in the Side, the Chest and the Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, etc., etc., the
IMPORTED
"ANCHOR"
PAIN EXPELLER
IT IS AND WILL EVER BE
The BEST, UNEQUALED REMEDY.
Used with great success in the Imperial and Royal General Hospital of Vienna and many others.
One Unsolicited Testimonial out of Thousands:
Thurmont, Md., Jan. 29, '90.
Your Anchor Pain Expeller is really excellent. One of our Sisters, suffering from Rheumatism for years, could find nothing so cure her but your Anchor Pain Expeller.
Sisters of Notre Dame.
50 Cents a bottle.
OF MOST DRUGGISTS, OR DIRECT FROM
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
310 Broadway, New York.
European Houses: Rudolstadt, Gry, London, Vienna, Rotterdam, Prague, Konstanz, Oiten, Nuremberg, Leipsic.
12 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
FREE Books about ather Anchor Remedies on Application.

oct 2 1890 1y.

Register's Notice.

The following account have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, and all others interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, March 4th, 1891:

1. First and final account of John M. Coad, administrator of John Coad, late of Johnstown, deceased.

2. The first and partial account of W. H. H. Robertson, administrator of Jacob H. Kuhn, late of Summerhill township, Cresson.

3. The first and final account of Patrick Kelly, administrator of Robert Meltzer, late of Cambria borough, deceased.

4. The first and partial account of John Thomas, administrator of Thos. S. Davis, late of Johnstown, deceased.

5. First and final account of Conrad C. Smith, executor of William Young, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.

6. First and final account of Conrad C. Smith, administrator of Beatrice Young, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.

7. First and final account of Hiram McGuire, administrator of John Wharton, late of Clearfield township, deceased.

8. The first and final account of A. J. Walters, guardian of Elmer S. Porter, minor child of W. W. Porter, late of Summerhill township, deceased.

9. Account of I. E. Roberts, administrator c. t. a. of Lucinda H. Roberts, late of Johnstown, deceased.

10. The account of Frank M. Buchanan, administrator of John S. Buchanan, late of Johnstown, deceased.

11. The account of Frank M. Buchanan, administrator of Kate J. Buchanan, late of Johnstown, deceased.

12. The account of Catharine Koontz and Michael Koontz, administrators of estate of Jacob Koontz, late of Susquehanna township, deceased.

13. The account of Joseph W. Eckenrode, administrator of William Eckenrode, late of Gallitzin, deceased.

14. First and final account of Chal L. Dick, guardian of B. Frank Slick, prepared by Geo. W. Wagner, administrator, de bonis non, of the books and papers of Chal L. Dick, deceased, in possession of said administrator.

15. First and final account of D. J. Gold-baugh, administrator of Henry Goodenburg, late of Johnstown, deceased.

16. First and final account of Philip Belter, who was executor of the last will and testament of Casper Belter, late of Munster township, deceased.

17. The account of Celestine McMullen, trustee to sell certain real estate of Matthew McMullen, late of Clearfield township, deceased.

18. The second and final account of John C. McMullen and Celestine McMullen, executors of the last will and testiment of Matthew McMullen, deceased.

19. The account of Joseph Long and Ludwina Grosser, executors of Frederick Grosser, late of Croyle township, deceased.

20. First and partial account of Ezelebert Bender, executor of Paul Bender, late of Clearfield township, deceased.

21. The first and final account of Ellen O'Donnell, executrix of the last will and testament of Dennis O'Donnell, deceased, late of Munster township.

22. The first and final account of Richard D. Davis, administrator cum testamento annexo of Richard L. Davis, late of Ebensburg, deceased.

23. The account of Rev. John Boyle, guardian of Oliver R. Mary De Sales, May Theresa, Alice Blanche and Butler Strank Henry, minor children of Samuel Henry, deceased.

24. First and partial account of Hugh R. McMullen, administrator of John A. McMullen, late of Allegheny township, deceased.

25. First and final account of Louis Statler, deceased, who was administrator of G. C. Brinker, by Samuel Custer, administrator of Louis Statler, deceased.

26. First and final account of E. H. McCue, administrator of Daniel H. Boyle, late of Croyle township, deceased.

27. The first and final account of James M. Shumaker, administrator of Lena A. Shumaker, late of Johnstown, deceased.

28. The second and final account of James M. Shumaker, administrator of John Strawn, late of Johnstown, deceased.

29. First and final account of Joseph Kuntz, administrator of Samuel Page, late of Mineral Point, deceased.

29. First and final account of E. L. Edwards, administrator of Henry Pritchard, late of Johnstown, deceased.

31. First and final account of Louis Statler, deceased, administrator of E. J. Brinker, deceased by Samuel Custer, administrator of Louis Statler, deceased.

32. Second and final account of Elizabeth Kreiper and John L. Knepper, administrator of John Knepper, deceased.

33. The third and final account of W. C. Lewis, administrator of James Morley, late of Johnstown, deceased.

34. First and final account of Annie M. Young, administratrix of August Young, late of Johnstown, deceased.

35. The first and final account of John Thomas, surviving executor of Arthur Doran, late of Prospect borough, deceased.

36. First and final account of John P. Kintz, administrator of John Kintz, late of Cambria borough, deceased.

37. First and final account of J. H. Bomgardner, administrator of Mary Werrick, late of Richland township, deceased.

38. First and final account of William Trembler, administrator of Mary Kelly, deceased, filed by G. W. Wagner, administrator of C. L. Dick, Esq., deceased, attorney for Wm. Trembler.

39. The first and final account of Gomer Walters, administrator of Rev. E. W. Jones, deceased.

40. The first and final account of Gomer Walters, administrator of Mary A. Jones, deceased.

CHESTER F. J. BLAIR,
Ebensburg, February 5th, 1891. Register.

For Sale.

The undersigned will sell at private sale pieces of real estate situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., containing respectively sixty six and fifty-five acres and allowance. The property is improved and in good state of cultivation, and will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms. For further particulars call on or address Alvin, Evans, Ebensburg, Pa., or LUKE ROGERS,
December 12, 1890. Loretto, Pa

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Penna
Office in Opera House, Centre street.

Well Known.

There is probably no business house in Western Penn'a so well known to the public in this and adjoining States as the one we are about to speak of. Well known for square and honest dealing, well known for keeping the largest and most complete stock in his line, well known for prompt shipping and safe delivery, either by freight or express. We refer to the establishment of Max Klein, the wholesale liquor dealer of 82 Federal street, Allegheny Pa. His arrangements with the different Mountain Distillers of Penn'a for their entire production, and his contract with foreign houses for direct importations, together with the experience of many years, makes him the leader in his line. His own "Silver Age Rye," sold now in every first-class place at $1.50 per quart, has no rival. His six year old Penn'a Ryes at $1.00 each, or six quarts for $5.00, are the finest goods offered. Send for price list, acquaint yourself with his manner of doing business and you will always send for any stimulant you may want to Max Klein, 82 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE
—OF—
THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA.

Come come now for bargains. Here are a few of interest to you. Plenty of others to tell you about. It will pay you to come a long distance.

DRESS GOODS—Over 100 pieces Half Wool Dress Goods, good styles and colors, at 10c. down from 12½c. to 16c.
20 pieces 36 inch Fine Wool Tricots at 25c., worth 37½c.
Lot of 32 inch Cloths in Greys and Browns, to be given away for 25c
Over 75 pieces Plaids and Stripes, 38 inches wide, nearly all wool, at 29c., worth 35c. to 45c.
15 pieces All Wool Plain Color Cloths, 36 inches wide, 29c., worth 40c.
About 150 pieces All Wool Cashmeres, all colors, 39 cents, worth 50c.
About 100 pieces Al Wool Plaids and stripes, 39c., marked down from 50c.
Lot 54 inch Home Spun, All Wool 49c., marked down from 85c.
Over 50 pieces Black and White Dress Goods, 46 inches wide, at 39c., marked down from 50c.
Fine Imported Novelties, choice styles, worth $1.50 to $2.25, now $1.00 to $1.50.
FLANNELS—70 pieces, 33 inches, All Wool Country Flannels, Plaids, Stripes, etc., all at 25c., marked down from 35c.
28 pieces of All Wool Country Flannels at 29c., marked down from 25c.
40 pieces Fine All Woo Plaid Flannels at 29c., worth 35c.
About 120 pieces finest German All Wool Flannels, in Plaids, Stripes, etc., for Ladies' Wrappers and Children's wear, at 39c., worth 50c.

CLOAKS, WRAPS AND JACKETS, BOTH MISSES' AND LADIES'
ALL MARKED DOWN.

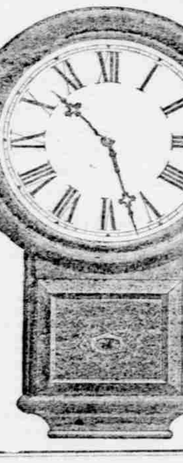
About 50 Jackets	at $ 4.75;	were $ 7.50 to $10.00.	
" 28 Jackets	at 10.00;	" 25.00 to 25.00.	
" 75 Newmarkets	at 4.75,	" 7.50 to 10.00.	
" 50 "	at 7.50;	" 12.00 to 15.00.	
" 45 "	at 10.00;	" 16.00 to 20.00.	

We have still a large and choice stock of over 2,000 garments—the Newest and Best Styles (some just in this week) in Jackets and Wraps.
To make the Store undoubtedly the Best Place for you to do your shopping, we have marked these from $1.00 to $5.00 less than regular price.
BARGAINS NOW IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

CAMPBELL & DICK.

SPECIAL—2,000 lbs. Knitting Yarn, in Black, Cardinal, and all the best colors, 60c. per lb.; 5c. per skein. Marked down from 90c.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.
Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.



LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.
My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
CARL RIVINIUS
ensburg, Nov. 11, 1885—tf.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,
—DEALERS IN—
General : Merchandise,
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,
Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.
Eckenrode & Hoppel,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
BE UP TO THE MARK
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.
TRADE
ELLULOID
MARK.
NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.
mar.23-1y

GREAT REDUCTION SALE
For the Next 30 Days!
I will close out my entire stock of Winter Clothing, Overcoats, Hats, Caps and Underwear at
Less Than Cost.
I have yet a good assortment of Goods and at prices that will certainly make them go. Call and get a BARGAIN.
Very Respectfully,
C A SHARBAUGH,
CARROLLTOWN, PENN'A
oct2-90-1y

DIRT BREEDS VERMIN
Of a good house-wife, who uses SAPOLIO, it is well said. The mouse is muzzled in her house. Try it and keep your house clean. All grocers keep it.
Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your success.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE PRESS
(NEW YORK)
For 1891.

DAILY.	SUNDAY.	WEEKLY.
6 pages, 1 ct.	20 pages, 4 cts.	8 or 10 pages 2cts.

The Aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolis.
A NEWSPAPER FOR THE MASSES
Founded December 1st, 1887.
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The Press is the organ of no faction; pulls no wires; has no animosities to avenge.
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Send for *The Press* circular.
Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions.
Address, THE PRESS,
Potter Building, 38 Park Row,
New York

Orphans Court Sale
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, the undersigned will expose to public sale on the premises on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1891,

at one o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

A piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Munster Cambria county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a beech (now down), a corner of Casper Belter's land; thence south 87½ degrees, with Nicholas Freidhoff's land, 40 perches; thence south one hundred and twenty perches, with same land, 140 perches; thence south seventy-four degrees east thirty-eight perches, with Sarah Dilworth's land, to a beech; thence north one hundred and eighty perches, with land of John Kennedy and others, to a sugar; thence north seventy-four degrees west ninety-five perches, with land of Samuel Leech, to the beginning, containing

49 Acres,

and allowance of six per cent. for roads, etc.

Also A piece or parcel of land in said township of Munster, adjoining the above described land, beginning at a post at the end of the 1st course of the above described piece of land, thence south seventy-four degrees east fifty perches to a post or pointer; thence north sixteen perches with land now or formerly belonging to Dr. Mannamy, to beech; thence north seventy-four degrees west twelve perches to a pointer or post, same course thirty-eight perches, with said Joseph Freidhoff to the beginning, containing

4 ACRES AND 96 PERCHES,

with the usual allowance of six per cent. for roads, etc.

The two pieces of land above described, will be sold in one whole piece. There is

A Log House,

and also a LOG BARN and other out-buildings erected on said premises.

TERMS OF SALE—Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; one third of the balance of one-third at the confirmation of sale, one third in one year and one-third in two years after confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by a judgment bond and mortgage on the premises.

SIMON CONRAD,
Administrator of Henry Freidhoff deceased.
Lilly, Pa., January 16th, 1891.

Select School.

The undersigned will open in the room of the High School in Gallitzin on

MONDAY, APRIL 20TH, 1891,

a Select School in which, in addition to the Common Branches, all the higher branches that pupils may require will be taught. Those who wants of all classes of pupils, three courses of studies will be taught, viz: The Intermediate course, the Teachers' course and the Higher course. The higher course is especially designed to prepare young persons to engage in any of the mechanic arts, or to enter any of the professions. Terms: Intermediate course, $3 for the term of ten weeks; Teachers' course, $4 for the term of 10c. per week if entering after the second week; for the Higher course an additional charge for each additional branch will be made. For further particulars address JOHN M'CORMICK.
St. Augustine, Pa.
Jan10.90. of Wilmore, Pa.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE!

A LOT of ground in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Sample street having thereon erected a

FRAME HOUSE

and outbuildings, all in good repair. For terms or particulars call on or address
JOHN NEALAN, Nicktown, Pa., or
M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

C. A. LANGBEIN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS of HARNESS,
SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,
Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Shop in Parker's Row on Centre street.
apr12'87

Hastings Hotel.
H. J. SHETTIG, Proprietor.
Located at the Station, near the centre of the town, on Fourth Avenue. We endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.
H. J. SCHETTIG.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK.
General Insurance Agent
EBENSBURG, PA.

DETROIT SURE GRIP Steel Tackle Block
HALF THE COST of hoisting saved to Stockmen, Miners, Farmers, Blacksmiths, Builders, Contractors and OTHERS. Admitted to be the greatest improvements EVER made in tackle blocks. Freight prepaid. Write for catalogue.
FULTON IRON & ENGINE WKS.
10 Brush St., Detroit, Mich.
Established 1852. mch20.90.1y

Geo. M. Reade,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Penna.
Office on Centre street, near High.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE Send stamp for Terms. GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - FEBRUARY 6, 1891.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Ash Wednesday, February 11th.

—For sale.—Fresh cow with calf. Inquire at this office.

—Squire Anna, of Hastings, was among the visitors to our town on Thurday.

—Postal cards of a dainty color will soon be sold by the Post Office Department.

—Our thanks are tendered to Hon. M. Fitzharris for copies of the *Legislative Record*.

—Messrs. John W. and Joseph Sharp, of Allegheny township, spent a few hours in town on Thursday.

—Miss Kate O'Neil, of this place, took her departure for Pittsburg on Wednesday morning on a visit.

—Mrs. James Riffle, formerly of Summitville, died at the home of her brothers, in Bedford on the 27th, ult.

—Mr. Henry Mellon, of Patton, passed through here to-day (Thursday,) on his way home from Lock Haven.

—Mr. Anselm Kirsh, one of Barr township's young and progressive citizens, was a visitor to our office on Thursday.

—On Wednesday morning the mercury in the thermometer in this place, got down to zero for the first time this winter.

—Monday was ground-hog day and if seeing his shadow has anything to do with the weather we will have six more weeks of winter.

—After some months of short hours, the Pennsylvania railroad shops at Altoona have commenced running full time. Two thousand man are benefited.

—For sale or rent.—A house of seven rooms in the East ward of Ebensburg. Will be sold on easy payments. Possession given on the 1st of April next. Call on the subscriber for terms. HENRY BYRNE,

—The City Councils of Altoona estimate the expenses of the various departments of the municipal government for the coming fiscal year at $186,002.71. This is an increase over last year of more than $30,000.

—The attention of our readers is called to the card of the Lilly Banking company in another colum. Those having business to transact at that place will find the cashier an obliging and accommodating gentleman.

—There will be exposed to public sale on the premises of Martin Ward, in this place, on Saturday, February 14th, 1891, a lot of household goods consisting of furniture, stoves, sewing machines, tinware, crockery, etc. Terms, cash.

—The directors of the Cambria County Agricultural Association, at Carrolltown, have fixed upon September 22nd to September 25th as the time for holding their fifth annual fair. The fair at Ebensburg will be held the week following.

—The sale of ex-Senator Wallace's real estate, at Clearfield on Saturday afternoon, realized $50,880. The property was all bought in by T. L. Wallace, of Harrisburg. The residence sold for $9,000, and the Masonic building, of which he owns one-half, sold for $1,500.

—First! First!—Hunters and others should remember that G. L. Fredericks, of this place, pays the highest cash price for otter, mink, red fox, gray fox, raccoon, skunk, opposum and muskrat furs and skins. From 15 cents to $1.00 will be paid for skunk skins.

—On Tuesday a Hungarian working at the cut on the fair grounds, while undermining a bank, was suddenly covered up by the fall of a lot of clay. He was hurriedly extricated by his companions and with the exception of a scratch on the forehead, escaped unhurt.

—The usual time will soon be at hand for public sales. If you intend having a public sale, make out a list of items and send to the FREEMAN office. We will print you nice, attractive bills, give a notice of the time and place in our local columns and charge you only a reasonable price.

—Mr. George Nelson Smith, of Denver, Colorado, and Miss Mame Foster, of Johnstown were married on Wednesday morning by Rev. Father Eustachius, at St. Joseph's German Catholic church. The groom is a grandson of the late Captain George Nelson Smith, of Philadelphia, and the bride is a daughter of Mr. Andrew Foster, the well known merchant of Johnstown.

—From a gentleman well posted in railroad affairs, who was here during the present week, we learn that the projected railroad from Brubaker Junction up the Chest creek to Kaylor station will be built during the coming summer and completed by the first of October. People along the Chest creek may therefore look out for the iron horse about the time the "pumpkins are in the barn."

—Mrs. Emma Wallace McCoy, wife of General Robert A. McCoy, and daughter of William M. Hugh and Eleanor Wigton Wallace, of Harrisburg, died at her home on Tuesday morning. Interment on Friday at Harrisburg. General McCoy is well known to a number of the older residents of Ebensburg, having been a resident of this place, at the time of the breaking out of the Rebellion, when he left Ebensburg, with Company A, 11th P. R. C.

—The Commissioners held a letting on Tuesday for the iron work for a bridge at Morrellville. There were five bidders and the contract was awarded to the Variety Iron Works of Cleveland Ohio. The bids were as follows: Pittsburg Bridge Co., Pittsburg, Pa., $17,400; Wrought Iron Bridge Co., Canton Ohio, $17,750; Penn. Bridge Co., Beaver Falls, Pa., $18,000; Variety Iron Works, Cleveland Ohio, $16,800; Dean & Westbrook, Co., New York, $17,100.

—We received a communication from St. Augustine last week, but owing to the crowded condition of our columns, to late for publication. On mature deliberation we believe it better for all parties concerned to leave it unpublished. It would certainly lead to a bitter and unprofitable controversy, and if our columns were open to one side, in justice, they should be open to the other. Our advice to both sides is to "talk it out." It won't last so long or reach so far as when their fight gets into cold print.

—At the meeting of the Directors of the Ebensburg Agricultural Society, held on Thursday of last week, the time for holding the first fair was fixed upon. After consulting every known authority on the weather the directors concluded to hold the fair on Tuesday and Wednesday September 29 and 30th and Thursday and Friday October 1st and 2nd. The plans and specifications for the grand stand, judges stand etc., are about ready and the contracts for building the same will be let in a few days.

—On Tuesday evening of last week the employees of the Cresson & Clearfield Coal and Coke Co., at Frugality, presented Clarendon M. Lewis, with a handsome diamond pin, and indulged in a banquet at Brown's Hotel. This occasion was in honor of Mr. Lewis, who severed his connection with that company that day, and who filled the position of storekeeper for the company very acceptably to his employers and with credit to himself. P. H. Walls made the presentation speech and did it well.—*Compert Standard.*

—Got your sale bills printed at the FREEMAN office.

—One soft coal double heater for sale cheap at Dufton & son's.

—Mr. F. A. Lyte, of Kane, visited Ebensburg the present week.

—A new post office will soon be located at Patton, formerly Marx Mills.

—Mr. M. D. Bearer has been appointed Deputy by county Treasurer Mayer and will continue in the position he so well filled under Treasurer Howe.

—Mr. Ellas Powell, of Chicago, a brother of Mrs. Griffith J. Lloyd, of Cambria township, was here on a visit last week after an absence of nineteen years.

—When the oil excitement pr evailed in the western part of this State twenty years, ago, a farm was purchased by a syndicate for $1,500,000. At a recent sale of land for taxes this same farm, situate near Pithole, was sold for $100

—Mr. Allen Wightman, who appear in the title role of "Our German Ward" at the the Opera House on Friday evening, February 13th, ranks with Ellis, Fritz Emmett and Staley. He is one of the sweetest singers on the stage.

—A house occupied by Elmer Berkepile on one of the Cambria Iron Company's farm near Johnstown, caught fire from a defective flue about 8 o'clock on Sunday day evening while the family were absent at church and in a short time was a heap of ruins. The loss on building and furniture is estimated at about $1,200

—On Thursday night of last week, as New York & Chicago Limited was passing Bens Creek, some one threw a bottle through the window of one of the cars. A Mrs. McKeever who occupied the seat next to the window was badly cut about the forehead by the broken glass. On Saturday two Hungarians were arrested charged with being the parties who threw the bottle.

—On Wednesday morning of last week the dwelling house of Michael Snyder, of Carroll township, caught fire about 3 o'clock and, together with the entire contents, burned to the ground, the family barely escaping with their lives. The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective flue. Mr. Snyder was absent from home at the time and the members of the family were asleep when one of them was aroused by the suffocating smoke, and only in time to save the others, who made their escape by jumping from the second story.

—James Fisher and wife of Altoona, while going into their house on Wednesday, were set upon by two drunken toughs. The wife escaped into the house, but her husband was knocked down and almost beaten into insensibility with an ax handle one of the men carried. Seeing her husband being malterated, the wife ran out of the back door and started down the street in search of the police. She was overtaken, however, and, while one man held her, the other took an ax-handle and repeatedly struck her over the head. Her face and shoulders were badly bruised, and she is now in a very precarious condition. The men were arrested and gave their names as James McBanlek and John Doll.

—Mr. Jacob Brallier, of East Conemaugh, was taken suddenly sick, while at his work in the railroad yard at East Conemaugh, on Wednesday of last week, and a physician summoned who administered morphine pills. Mr. Brallier fell into a sleep from which he never awoke and notwithstanding the physician was again summoned, who did everything possible, Mr. Brallier never regained consciousness. An autopy revealed the fact that inflammation of the kidneys which produced uramic poisoning was the cause of stupor and death and not an overdose of morphine as was at first supposed. Mr. Brallier was the eldest son of Mr. Samuel Brallier, of Jackson township, and leaves a wife and several small children to mourn his death.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were is sued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, February 4, 1891:

Robert H. Richeson Juniata county, and Agnes McDonald, Reade township.

Edwin S. Reese and Emma Evans, Cambria township.

Michael Rose and Emma Jane Stiffler, Lilly.

William Dick and Edith Gray, Hastings

Henry J. F. Wilke and Annie Marcus, Johnstown.

Michael Silk, Johnstown, and Minnie K. Bowers, Appolla, Pa.

Thomas Kendrick, Duquesne, Pa., and Caroline Zimmerman, Johnstown.

George N. Smith, Denver, Col., and Mary C. Foster, Johnstown.

Frank C. Phelster, Carroll township, and Eda Helfrich, Hastings.

Levi D. Yoder, Somerset county, and Laura Eash, Richland township.

Steve Palusck and Mary Tarbay, Gallitzin.

Henry G. Fisher, Pittsburg, Pa., and Sarah Livingston, Johnstown.

From St. Augustine.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Pa., Feb. 2, 1891.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

DEAR SIR:—The fair for the benefit of the new church here is still in full blast and is getting better as it grows older. The receipts have been in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars each night for the last few nights. The fair will be open on the evenings of the 7th and 9th, and in the afternoon and evening of the 10th, when it will close for the season. There will be new attractions each evening. The ladies in charge are well prepared to furnish a good, substantial supper to those who desire it, while those who wish to trip the light fantastic toe will have an opportunity to do so. Any of your readers who wish to spend an enjoyable evening will find this the place to come to. Come one, come all, and you will be made welcome.

O. O. M.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

School Report.

Following is report of Dimond school, Summerhill township, taught by Miss Annie Maloney, for month ending Jan. 20th:

Whole number in attendance—males 4; females, 10; total, 14. Average attendance during month—males, 3; females, 8; total, 11. Those perfect in attendance were: Mary R. Dimond, George Dimond, Seck Roberts. Visitors, 6.

Notice.

A meeting of the Farmers' Alliance, which was adjourned to afford time for the committee on roads to report, will be held at Carrolltown on February 7th, at 1 o'clock, P. M. As the road question interests all, a full attendance is expected.

LUKE BEHE. President.
J. J. KAYLOR, Secretary.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Sheriff's Sales.

Sheriff Stineman had advertised the following properties at Sheriff's sale on Monday, March 2nd, 1891, at 1 o'clock, P. M.:

The interest of J. C. Moorhead in 273 acres of land in Summerhill township, about 80 acres cleared, having thereon a one and a half story plank house and log stable.

The interest of same in 398 acres in Summerhill township, having thereon a one and a half story plank house and barn.

The interest of same in 300 acres in Summerhill township, having thereon a frame house and stable.

The interest of same in 98 acres in Summerhill township, having thereon a plank house and stable.

The interest of same in 46 acres of land in Summerhill township, having thereon erected a two story plank house, barn and outbuildings.

The interest of Samuel M. Kern, deceased, and J. C. Moorhead, terre tenant, in 273 acres of land in Summerhill township, about 80 acres cleared, having thereon a one and a half story plank house and log stable.

The interest of W. H. Weaver in a lot of ground in 7th ward, Johnstown, having thereon a two story frame house.

The interest of A. W. Blauch and S. W. Allen in 3 lots in Roxbury, Upper Yoder township, having thereon a two story frame house.

The interest of Andrew Dishart in 58 acres in Cambria township, having thereon a two story brick house and frame barn.

The interest ot Wm. O. Steveus in a lot in Chest Springs, having thereon a two story frame house.

The interest of W. P. Davis in a lot in Sheridan, Lower Yoder township, having thereon a two story plank house and stable.

The interest of W. R. Huber in a lot in 1st ward, Johnstown.

The interest of John M. Dunlap in 15 acres of land in Susquehanna township, having thereon a one and a half story plank house and and barn.

The interest of V. Luttringer in a lot in East ward, Ebensburg, having thereon two story house and stable.

Cambria County Jail Statistics.

Following are the number of inmates of the Cambria County Jail from January 7, 1890, to January 13, 1891, and the crimes for which they were committed:

Burglary, 4; horse stealing, 2; contempt of court, 1; adultery, 4; defrauding board bill, 7; keeping a disorderly house, 5; felonious assault with intent to kill, 5; false pretense, 2; fortune telling, 1; slander, 1; insane, 6; fornication and bastardy, 12; desertion, 5; highway robbery, 3; costs, 22; malicious mischief, 9; murder, 7; false pretense, 4; arson, 2; selling liquor without license, 2; attempted rape, 5; cruelty to children, 2; bigamy, 3; carrying concealed weapons, 3; rape, 5; embezzlement, 2; resisting an officer, 2; cruelty to animals, 1; larceny, 59; assault and battery; 34; vagrancy, 18; open lewedness, 3; trespass, 25; witness, 1; incorrigibility, 2; bawdy house, 2; riot, 9; surety, 27; forgery, 3; intent to kill, 3; arson and murder, 2; selling liquor to minors, 2; fornication, 1; Total, 317; discharged, 272; on hand, 45.

Of this number 60 were convicted by a 'squire, 17 were convictions, 2 were sent to Dixmont, 1 hanged, 1 committed suicide in jail, 1 insane man was taken away by his friends, 2 were taken away to the Huntingdon Reformatory, 2 to Morganza Reform School, and 13 to the Western Penitentiary. There were 25 women committed to jail during the year, and 26 colored people.

"Our Germen Ward."

Middaugh's Musical Comedy Company, augmented by a gold band and grand operatic orchestra, are to appear at the Opera House, this place, Friday evening, February 13th. The company is composed of well known players headed by the eminent German comedian, Allen Wightman. They will present the beautiful comedy-drama, "Our German Ward," with the same cast that has played it in the largest cities.

Died.

DAVIS.—Died at the residence of her son Roland R. Davis, in Ebensburg, on Saturday January 31, 1891, Mrs. Eliza Davis, in the 88 year of her age.

LILLY
BANKING : CO.,
LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

LILLY BANKING CO.,
feb590. Lilly, Penn.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county Pa., and will be confirmed by said Court on the second day of March 1891 unless cause be shown to the contrary.

First and final account of Frank Chrissinger committe of Isaac Yoder, e
Feb. 4. 1891. J. C. DARBY,
Prothy.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county on the 2nd day of March next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, under Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by Jno. Lloyd, G. J. Jones, A. W. Buck, Daniel J. Davis, Webster Griffith and others for the charter of an intended corporation called the "Ebensburg Agricultural Society," the character and object of which is to improve the stock and and other farm products and to promote agricultural and mechanical interests, and to have competition premiums, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the Act of Assembly aforesaid, and supplements. S. L. REED,
Ebensburg, Febr uary 6, 1891. Solicitor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county. In the matter of the final confirmation of the account of Geo. M. Reade, trustee to sell the real estate of William McGuire, deceased.

And now, December 8th, 1890, on motion of Geo. M. Reade, Esq., S. L. Reed appointed auditor to report distribution of the assets to and among the persons legally entitled to receive the same.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit for the purpose of the above appointment at my office in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, on Monday, the 16th day of February, 1891, at one o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

S. L. REED,
Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 23, 1891. Auditor.

HOTEL PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT.

The Ceshamy situated and always successful hotel property located in Loretto, Cambria county, known as the "Mountain House," is offered for sale or rent on terms that cannot but be advantageous to the purchaser. The house, which is licensed, contains eighteen rooms, in first class condition throughout, and has stabling for thirty horses attached thereto. For further information, call on or address, Joseph Hogue, or Mrs. F. Bengele, Loretto, Pa.
Jan. 23, 3t.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Anthony Will late of Chest Springs borough, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

ANNIE C. WILL,
JANE WILL,
Chest Springs, February 6th, 1891. Executrix

RECEIPTS
—AND—
Expenditures
—OF—
Cambria County, Pa.,
—FROM—
January 6th, 1890,
—TO—
January 5th, 1891.

THOS. E. HOWE, TREASURER, DR.

To balance in hands of Treasurer at last settlement	$ 15,760 06
To amount of Duplicate	93,579 13
To amount received from Redemption of lands	1,841 26
To amount received from Unseated Lands, 1888-1889	3,765 11
To amount received from Unseated Lands, 1890	1,271 09
To amount received from Seated Lands, 1887-1888	2,906 81
To amount received from Seated Lands, 1889	485 96
To bonds issued	50 000 00
To amount received from Constables	3,899 75
To amount received from tavern licenses for use of county	19,656 25
To amount received from miscellaneous sources	1,397 81
	$195,853 93
Balance in Treasurer's hands	$ 60,657 30

CR.

By amount paid—	
Assessors and expense of assessment	$ 2,646 87
Auditors (State)	84 00
Auditors (County)	297 86
Agricultural Association, Carrolltown	100 00
Boarding jurors	68 20
Boarding prisoners	2,981 75
Building bridges—Balance on work done in 1889	4,250 00
Building bridges in 1890	15,833 52
Bridge and road views	627 10
Bonds redeemed	70,000 00
Borrowed money, First Nat. Bank, Johnstown	10,000 00
Int. on borrowed money	2,000 00
Commissioners' salary	1,200 00
Commissioners' expense	77 00
Commissioners' clerk	600 00
Commissioners' counsel	400 00
Court crier and tip staves	525 00
Court House expense	1,104 47
Ornaments	1,829 14
Criminal prosecution	7,663 49
Deeds for county	296 00
District Attorney	1,499 00
Election	2,061 02
Expressage and postage	61 22
Inquisitions	325 90
Insurance	450 00
Janitor of Court House	600 00
Jail and Jailor	8,836 07
Jury Commissioner and Clerk	104 40
Jurors, Grand	1,019 87
Jurors, Traverse	5,240 74
Jurors, Talesmen	115 00
Miscellaneous	55 76
Old orders	666 48
Probates	12 25
Prothonotary	1,228 89
Printing	1,263 47
Poor House Directors	315 99
Poor House orders	16,926 96
Registry	1,241 87
Road damages	925 00
Road fund	1,918 05
Refunding	306 57
Records	378 10
Redemption of lands	920 34
Raform School	372 14
Scalps	606 10
State tax	2,592 60
School fund	1,462 40
Sheriff	1,119 11
Soldiers' burial	291 00
Stenographer	893 45
Stationary	344 17
Teachers' institute	300 00
Western Penitentiary	1,742 54
West Penn Hospital	1,973 96
Warren Insane Asylum	91 26
By amount—	
Remaining in Constables' hands	5,662 80
Exonerations to Constables	5,238 54
Abatement to taxpayers	2,184 48
Treasurer's commission on License fund for use of count, 8 per cent. on $1,000, 1 per cent. on $1,000, and ¾ per cent. on balance	145 28
Treasurer's commission 5 per cent. on $92,444 24, monies received and paid out on amount on amount of duplicate, seated and unseated lands, and redemption of lands, less abatement to taxpayers, exonerations to Constables and amount remaining in Constable's hands	4,622 21
2½ per cent commission on $23,315 09, on monies received and paid from other sources	595 57
Balance in hands of Treasurer	60,657 30—$195,853 93

DUE DISTRICTS FROM SEATED AND UNSEATED LANDS.

	Road.	School.
Adams township, 1887, 1888, 1889 and 1890	$ 269 78	$ 413 41
Ashland Ind. School District	8 00	13 70
Barr township	36 49	61 70
Ashville borough	1 16	2 61
Blacklick township	164 47	268 80
Cambria township	69 54	75 12
Carroll township	11 24	11 10
Chest township	189 63	231 06
Clearfield township	228 12	339 41
Conemaugh township	17 55	18 94
Croyle township	20 80	63 12
Chest Springs borough	1 77	1 77
Dean township	379 21	557 70
Ebensburg borough	54	45
Elder township	12 59	99 49
East Taylor township	9 60	9 75
Gallitzin township	226 43	242 86
Jackson township	164 34	268 37
Lilly borough		6 75
Munster township	4 67	17 18
Portage township	214 93	268 37
Reade township	229 45	231 74
Stonycreek township	12 55	11 18
Summerhill township	585 51	582 69
Susquehanna township	15 75	722 18
West Taylor township	6 97	10 15
Washington township	190 07	102 37
White township	831 67	714 46
Lower Yoder	25 80	83 49
	$3,413 48	$4,798 72

DISTRIBUTION OF LICENSE FUND TO DISTRICTS.

Adams town hip	$ 25 62
Ashville borough	342 00
Barr township	25 62
Carrolltown borough	769 80
Carroll township	142 50
Chest township	171 00
Clearfield township	106 87
Croyle township	71 25
Ebensburg borough	342 00
East Conemaugh borough	256 50
Elder township	71 25
Franklin borough	85 50
Gallitzin borough	940 50
Gallitzin township	85 50
Hastings borough	769 50
Johnstown city	18 720 00
Lilly borough	769 50
Loretto borough	256 50
Portage township	285 00
Reade township	142 50
Richland township	71 25
South Fork borough	256 50
Stonycreek township	71 25
Summerhill township	171 00
Susquehanna township	71 25
Tunnnelhill borough	427 50
Washington township	285 00
Upper Yoder township	71 25
Lower Yoder	178 12
	$24,414 90

AMOUNTS DUE FROM CONSTABLES.

C. F. Yeckley, Stonycreek	$ 821 10
Peter Reilly, Jackson	91 23
Archie Farrell, Prospect	94 00
A. J. Burkey, Grubtown	70 58
H. F. Burkhart, West Taylor	239 56
W. H. Klitin, East Taylor	174 95
John Ream, Upper Yoder	317 75
Bart Ribbelett, Lower Yoder	120 23
Joseph Riddle, Summerhill borough	559 66
F. J. Bearer, Carrolltown borough	153 45
Alfred Miller, Ashville borough	34 17
Jno. Hamilton, Cresson township	171 46
C. D. Ryan, Clearfield township	84 08
Thomas A. Brown, Washington township	57 00
William Fryer, Washington township	20 29
David O'Hara, Wilmore borough	73 59
John Hite, West Taylor township	21 62
A. B. Martz, Gallitzin township	33 70
Francis Ebig, Gallitzin borough	843 32
Anslem Weakland, Carroll township	230 34
J. J. Weakland Carroll township	617 06
W. K. Burnett, Summerhill township	63 85
F. P. Miller, Hastings borough	162 70
L. J. Fenton, Susquehanna township	1,164 87
Isaac Harris, Johnstown	1,016 24
Porter R. Miller, Johnstown	429 96
A. J. Berkey, Johnstown	121 37
John Fox, Johnstown	17 81
Neal Dorian	280 91
Joseph Steich, Carrolltown borough—1888	41 37
John W. Parks, Conemaugh township	31 09
	$ 8,062 35

AMOUNT RECEIVED FROM CONSTABLES.

Peter Cullitor, Cambria, 1st ward	$ 6 00
Peter Cullitor, Cambria, 2nd ward	101 15
Dean T. Harris, Johnstown	49 81
William Smithson, Stonycreek	294 01
Archie Farell, Prospect	17 86
Andrew Coney, Conemaugh, 2nd ward	164 70
Caleb Butler, Coopersdale	103 78
Andrew Boucher, Millville, 2nd ward	4 00
Edward Coney, Conemaugh 1st ward	451 00
A. J. Berkey, Grubtown	40 00
W. A. Uhirey, East Conemaugh	9 81
H. F. Burkhart, West Taylor	204 94
W. H. Klitin, East Taylor	79 44
George Gillinger, Woodvale	72 24
John W. Stork, Lower Yoder	41 24
W. A. Lantry, Upper Yoder	100 00
S. H. Huck, Carrolltown borough	20 81
Alfred Miller, Ashville borough	140 24
Andrew Callihan, Ucest Springs borough	18 14
R. W. Delorier, Clearfield township	385 00
L. J. Bearer, Susquehanna township	417 69
Thomas A. Brown, Washington township	51 94
L. O. Gatez, White township	99 60
A. J. Shelly, Wilmore borough	78 47
John M. Watt, Gallitzin township	$89 10
George Lockley, Gallitzin borough	221 82
Anslem Weakland, Elder township	310 50
I. J. Weakland Carroll township	184 82
A. J. Willer, Dean township	121 21
John Roehn, Summer Hill township	121 50
	$ 8,893 75

DUE COUNTY FROM JUDGMENTS.

Lucinda Pringle	$ 31 42
E. B. McCartney, David Falcon and W. C. Saxton	29 95
Peter McGuire	66 25
E. D. Stork and Solomon F. Horner	67 98
Archie Farrell	80 87
Susan Wolf and E. J. Wolf	44 31
W. F. Brantley and W. M. Peters	66 72
Neal McCoy	44 71
James B. Clark and Edward Clark	49 70
	$449 91

ASSETS.

Balance in hands of Treasurer	$60,657 30
Due county on Judgments	449 91
Due county from Constables	8,062 35
	$69,169 56
Amount of assets over liabilities	$11,241 38

AMOUNT OF MONEY RECEIVED FROM A MISCELLANEOUS SOURCES.

From Charles Weakland, administrator, on account of W. A. Rager	$ 15 68
From I. Lilly, Steward of Poor House	24 41
From Geo. W. Early, P. of Honey Direct or	6 60
From M. D. Kittell, Sale of land	43 80
From No. 62 December term, 1890	3 10
From I. Lilly, Steward of Poor House	178 25
From M. D. Kittell, collections	220 85
From Thos. Hoover Steward of Poor House	159 28
From Daniel Murphy, Constable	1 88
From J. C. Stineman, Sheriff, jury fees and Pho. Rep. fees	25 80
From J. C. Darby, Prothonotary, Pho. Rep. fees and fines	97 80
	$1,197 81

LIABILITIES.

Due Districts on Seated and Unseated Lands	$ 8,210 80
Outstanding orders	694 47
Dun Western Penitentiary	2,959 72
Due Penn'a. Reform School	115 54
Due Huntington Reformatory	266 64
Stone work on bridge at Duncan's Mill	875 00
Outstanding bonds	40,000 00
Due Poor and House of Employment	5,552 90
Due individuals on redemption of lands	81 81
Assets over liabilities	11,241 38
	$69 169 66

Given under our hands at Commissioners' office in Ebensburg, Pa., this 30th day of January, 1891.

GEO. A. KINKEAD,
JOSEPH HIPPS,
W. C. BERRY,
Auditors.

RECEIPTS
—AND—
Expenditures
—OF—
Poor and House of Employment
—OF—
Cambria County, Pa.,
—FROM—
January 6th, 1890,
—TO—
January 5th, 1891.

THOS. E. HOWE, TREASURER, DR.

To balance due at last settlement	$ 9,188 18
To Requisition for 1890	18,000 00
To cash from I. Lilly	34 41
To cash from Geo. W. Early	6 60
To cash from I. Lilly	178 25
To cash from Thos. Hoover	159 28
	$27,479 95
Balance due Poor and House of Employment	$ 5,562 00

CR.

By amount paid—	
Old orders	$ 1,868 06
Attorneys' fees	307 45
House servants	597 90
Insurance	84 00
Salary Steward and Matron	700 00
Salary Farmer	240 00
Labor	212 60
Flour and feed	640 66
Shoes	250 90
Meat	624 08
Groceries and potatoes	928 32
Hardware	185 14
Coffins at House	190 00
Coffins and funeral expenses, O. D. P.	721 00
Drugs	219 45
Livery expenses, O. D. P.	82 00
Pa. R. R., freight	63 40
Cash expenses and allowance, O. D. P.	4,203 44
Constables' and Justices' fees, O. D. P.	291 38
Physicians, O. D. P.	302 45
Physician at House	210 00
Coal	178 27
Dry goods, clothing and merchandise	559 48
Fertilizer and seed	297 85
Wagons, sled and new bake oven	208 50
Westmoreland and other counties for maintenance of paupers	148 25
Dixmont and Warren Insane Asylum and Cambria hospital	2,416 25
Lumber	290 34
Printing	176 18
Blacksmith and carpenter work	137 91
Cash expenses at House	116 09
Harness	29 75
Live stock	93 50
Balance due Poor and House of Employment	5,562 00
	$27,479 95

STOCK ON FARM.

Three head of horses, 13 milk cows, 1 bull, 3 beef cattle, 7 shoats, 22 chickens, 5 Turkeys.

FARM PRODUCTS.

Sixty-five tons of hay, 265 bushels of oats, 203 bushels of buckwheat, 126 bushels of potatoes, 450 bushels of corn in ears, 200 bushels of turnips, 1,549 heads of cabbage; butchered 8 hogs, making 2,714 pounds of pork; butchered 2 beeves, making 1,158 pounds of beef; butchered 2 calves, making 190 pounds of veal.

FARMS IMPLEMENTS.

Two two horse wagons, 2 spring wagons, 1 buggy, 1 road cart, 1 farm cart, 1 hay rake, 1 grain drill, 1 corn planter, 1 ore and fivetooth horse power engine and boiler, and chopper, 3 grain cradles, 7 scythes, 2 axes, 2 crowbars, 1 pinch bar, 2 hay elevators, rakes, forks, etc., 7 sets harness, bridles and saddles, 2 sleighs, 2 bob-sleds, 1 log sled, 1 wheel barrow, 1 hand cart, 1 hay ladder, 1 cider press, shovels and hoes.

INMATES.

Number in House January 1st, 1890	63
Number admitted during year	38
Number born	3—102
Number died during year	14
Number discharged during year	18
Remaining in house January 1st, 1891	70—102

Of the inmates remaining in the House January 1st, 1891, there 37 adult males, 29 adult females, 6 male children, 2 of whom are idiots, and 3 female children, one of whom is an idiot.

NAMES OF INMATES WHO DIED DURING THE YEAR.

John O'Leary, Henry Rothwell, Albert Digick, Geo. Krouse, Andrew Greenwood, John Kane, James Thompson, Michael Wire, Ed. Richards, Cath Crowley, Harry Davis, (colored), Pat Conlan, Robt. Johnston, 1 female child, name unknown.

Ella Sloffer, Lena Bloch and Mrs. Andrews each gave birth to a child during the year.

Average number of inmates per month..... 64

AMOUNT DUE POOR AND HOUSE OF EMPLOYMENT.

From Jacob Thomas and wife	$1,029 79
From John Esker	111 70
From John Evans	25 06
From John Kirshner	14 48
From Emanuel James	84 68
From a Polander's estate	22 70
From Jno. & Jas. Yielock	121 00
From Jno. A. Jones	1 00
From Richard Owens	2 00
From Jno. A. Davis	2 00
From J. G. Lloyd	102 85
From Jno. B. Davis	2 40
	$1,500 64

ARICLES MANUFACTURED IN THE HOUSE.

5 Pillow Slips.	58 Aprons.
20 Bed Ticks.	21 Hats.
50 Women's Dresses.	73 Men's Shirts.
17 Towels.	87 Sheets.
47 Chemise.	15 Sun Bonnets.
42 pairs Wool Socks.	24 pairs Mittens.
15 Bolsters.	10 Suits Underwear.
26 Women's Skirts.	24 pairs Women's Hose.
740 pounds Butter.	21 barrels Soft Soap.
9 barrels Sauer Kraut.	

INSURANCE ON THE PROPERTY.

Fire Association of Philadelphia, on building	$ 3,000 00
Orient, of Hartford, on building	5,000 00
Insurance Company of North America, on building	3,000 00
Cambria Mutual, on building	2,500 00
Insurance Company of North America, on furniture	3,000 00
Insurance Company of North America, on pump house and machinery	500 00
Orient, of Hartford, on pump house and machinery	500 00
Insurance Company of North America, on barn	1,500 00
Insurance Company of North America on wagon shed	200 00
Orient, of Hartford, on contents of barn	800 00
Cambria Mutual, on contents of barn	200 00
	$19,900 00

Given under our hands at Poor and House of Employment of Cambria county, Pa., the 21st day of January, 1

THE BIG HORN SHEEP.

Towering Precipices Easily Descended by the Woolly Roamer.

A Dweller of the Crags and Cliffs of the Rocky Mountains—How the Cautious Animals Escape From the Gun of the Hunter.

In a Main street cigar store, says the Kansas City Star, is a stuffed specimen of the Argali, or big horn sheep of the Rocky mountains. This animal is not only very shy, but, having an appetite for vegetation which can only be discovered among the very highest plateaus of the rocky mountains, is a dweller of the crags and cliffs. It is seldom it breathes a more rarified atmosphere than is found in an altitude of 9,000 feet. Its manner of life and its place of living make it a difficult animal for the hunter, and the Utes and other mountain Indians in the day of the bow and arrow looked on the killing of a big horn as a feat. They are very scarce and not at all prolific.

There has always been a large amount of lying about the big horn. Hunters had, for a time, some unexplainable experiences with them. A bunch of four or five would be seen feeding upon some high grassy mesa or table-land, which would find termination on three sides perhaps, in a precipitous up-and-down descent of several hundred feet. The hunter, ambitious and indefatigable, would, with infinite labor, creep up canyons and crawling among rocks, come in behind them. He would exult in the certainty of a shot. The big horns could not escape. A 400-foot precipice on three sides so steep that a bird could scarcely sustain itself thereon and the hunter cutting off retreat on the fourth, matters looked gloomy for the big horn. Resting himself for a moment to recover his breath and nerve, both somewhat strained in his scramble among the rocks, the hunter would move forward. On catching sight or scent of him the big horns would imbibe in a confident and contented way apparently to the edge of the precipice and disappear.

The hunter on coming forward would see his game racing fareast in the valley 400 feet below. How did they get there? That was always the question with the Western hunter. It was finally concluded on all hands that the big horn jumped. As its four slender legs could scarcely be expected to sustain such a descent, the ingenious Western mind had recourse to the big horns from which the Argali gets his soubriquet. These are from four to seven inches in diameter at the base and sprout in horny spirals from the animal's head much after the fashion of the horns of that engine of destruction the common Merino ram. When the big horn leaped, said these Munchausens, he turned head downward and alighted on them. Horns and head broke the force of the trip, they said, and they would thereupon enlarge on the downward whizzing plunge of any thing from 300 to 3000 feet, according to the audacity of the raconteur. They would tell how he descended like some curved woolly boomerang, and rebounded from his horned frontlet to a height of forty feet and then ambled away bleating with pride and pleasure at his success. So accurate a naturalist and so careful a writer as Mayne Reid wrote a book about it and in his story cast his big horns over precipices of 1,000 feet without a scruple.

But the Argali does not indulge himself in the flights ascribed to him. He has too much good sense. A jump from such heights would smash to smithereens a hundred times over. But the matter is not left so doubtful argument. Their manner of descent has been discovered and is easy enough—for a big horn—when once you witness it. All through these mountains you will find seams and rifts which split the precipices from top to bottom. The rock has been torn asunder by some force of nature and the result in many instances is a cleft or split where the walls are not separated twenty feet and yet run from the bottom to the top of the cliff some thousand feet or more. Think the rock sides were once together may be seen in the walls or protuberances of one wall corresponding to the depressions in the other.

The big horn is the prince of caution. Before he is found anywhere he has made a complete war map of the neighborhood, which he carries locked in his woolly head. When he disports himself on some flinty plateau he is always certain of an outlet. No *cul de sac* for him: he is too good a mountaineer for that. Before he nibbles a mouthful of the crisp herbage he has looked up one of those deep rifts which go down to the valley below. The moment he is disturbed he makes straight for it. Arrived at the verge he never hesitates but jumps boldly out and down, aiming for the other side of the deep crevice. This he strikes with his four hoofs, which are hard as cast steel, and at once leaps back for the other side. He descends perhaps fifteen or eighteen feet at a leap, and as he could not retain a foothold for a moment at any one of the places he strikes the rock, he never pauses in his zigzag leaping until the last one brings him to the valley hundreds of feet below. That crevice is the big horn's stairway and that is the way he descends.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

The Conductor Did Not Understand, But He Will Next Time.

It is a custom on some street railways to give annual passes, which are numbered, says the Seattle Press. These passes are not necessarily shown each time a man rides on the cars of that line, but each one bears a number, and when asked for his fare the holder of the pass calls the number of his pass.

Not long since the holder of pass No. 13 on one of the Seattle lines got on a car, accompanied by two ladies, for whom he must, of course, pay fare. It happened that the conductor was a new man and not acquainted with the pass system.

The conductor entered the car in quest of fares and the first man he approached was the holder of the pass.

The gentleman handed him one dollar to take the ladies' fare from, at the same time remarking distinctly "Thirteen."

The conductor took the dollar and then began ringing the bell of the register. "Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding," went the bell.

"Here, here," broke in the passenger, "what in thunder are you trying to do?"

"Didn't you say that you wanted to pay for thirteen?"

"No, you double-breasted lunkhead! I hold pass No. 13 and want to pay for two ladies."

"Oh!" exclaimed the conductor mildly, "why didn't you say so before?"

Then the bell-puller gave the passenger back his change and inwardly determined to get even on the first small boy that attempted to steal a ride.

Queer End of a Snake Fight.

An assistant director of the Melbourne (Australia) Zoological Gardens thus describes the queer result of a recent difference of opinion between two tiger-snakes confined under his charge: "One of the snakes was large, the other small. Not long ago both happened to fasten on the same mouse, one at each end. Neither would give way, and the larger snake not only swallowed the mouse, but also the smaller snake. In about ten minutes nothing was seen of the smaller snake but about two inches of its tail, and that disappeared next day."

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WHICH IS THE MOTHER?

The Hen That Lays the Egg or the Hen That Hatches It?

Which is the mother of the chick—the hen that lays the egg, or the hen that hatches it? This, says the New York Tribune, is a question just decided by Justice McMahon, of Parkville, a small but interesting suburb of the City of Churches. It is the first case of the kind known to have been brought into court, and by reason of its unique importance the trial has occupied much of the time of the presiding justice. The facts are that a Farmer McCaughn and Farmer Gormley are next door neighbors, and their henneries adjoin each other. Farmer McCaughn owns choice game birds, but the fowls belonging to his neighbor are of the ordinary farm-yard standard. It was testified that one of Farmer McCaugn's hens scrambled over the fence and indiscreetly, if not wickedly and feloniously, did lay two eggs, at divers times, on Farmer Gormley's premises. The triumphant note which heralded this maternal achievement did not suggest to Farmer Gormley the propriety of picking up the eggs and delivering them to the possession of the owner of the hen. On the contrary, he promptly put them under a sitting hen owned by himself, and in due course of time they were hatched.

So soon as their feathers and little red combs began to grow Farmer McCaughn observed that these dubious chickens were full-blooded game birds, like those of his own hennery, and he made a demand for them. Farmer Gormley denied the claim of ownership with emphasis and disdain. Then Farmer McCaughn summoned his chicken-raising neighbor before the court for trial, and issue was joined. The question was not between hen and hen, but between farmer and farmer; or, rather, it was a question as to whose hen was the mother of the chickens. Now, ordinary common sense would suggest that as the hatching of the chickens was a mere mechanical process, chiefly dependent upon caloric, as science has demonstrated most thoroughly, it is not characteristic, or necessarily even suggestive, of motherhood. The sitting hen is unquestionably an efficient incubator, and so, too, would be a rooster if you could get him to sit long enough; but who would presume to say that a rooster could become a mother, even if he should hatch a dozen broods? Justice McMahon has decided that Farmer Gormley must surrender the two chickens to Farmer McCaughn or pay to him the full amount of their value. But is not Farmer Gormley entitled to pay for the labor and services of his hen in hatching the eggs? The decision of the justice is righteous as to the main point at issue, but he seems to have overlooked the propriety of a counter claim. We advise Farmer Gormley to appeal.

PECULIAR MANIA.

An Austrian Kleptomaniac Whose Weakness Was Handkerchiefs.

Probably no uncivilized man believes in kleptomania, says the Hospital. Even among civilized peoples many persons smile incredulously when they are told of the acts of kleptomaniacs. They know better; the kleptomaniac is a thief with a fine name, and the name has been invented for the purpose of screening the higher classes who indulge in low vices.

But a case has been brought to light recently which ought to convince the most skeptical. A man was arrested a short time ago in the act of stealing a pocket-handkerchief from a lady in a Vienna suburb. In his sane days he had been a prosperous banker, but a mania for gambling handkerchiefs seized upon him and proved his ruin. It was his habit to accost ladies in the street and offer to buy their pocket-handkerchiefs. If they refused he used to get angry and offer higher and higher prices until a bargain was struck. Many ladies—could they have been ladies?—traded upon his madness, until at last all his money was spent and he became a bankrupt. But bankruptcy did not cure his mania, for, no longer having money to pay for pocket-handkerchiefs, he took to stealing them and was sent to prison. For five years nothing was heard of his depredations, and it was believed that his imprisonment had cured him. But a short time ago he was discovered at his old tricks.

When arrested he had fifteen cambric handkerchiefs in his possession, all of which he confessed to having stolen within an hour. In his bedroom four hundred and thirty-four cambric pocket-handkerchiefs were found, and it is believed that many more were concealed in hiding-places which he refused to reveal. He has never been known to steal any thing else, nor does he seem to have made any use of the cambric handkerchiefs. The tribunal before which he appeared very properly sent him to a mad-house and not to prison. This case is absolutely convincing, and probably no one who reads it will in future doubt the fact of kleptomania.

HIS NAME RECORDED.

And the Story Doesn't Say Whether It Was Erased or Not.

A gentleman was complaining bitterly of the lack of enterprise shown by the local newspapers in printing the news. "The reporters never seem to get onto any thing nowadays," he growled. "I don't suppose any of them heard a word about the slugging that a prominent capitalist gave a leading banker at the Windsor Hotel last Sunday."

A newspaper man in the employ of the Nebraska State Journal in hearing gave assurance that he was in full possession of the facts.

"Then why didn't you print the story?" demanded the stern critic.

"Do you believe that such things should be printed?"

"Why, of course!" with a scornful snort. "Of course! That is what papers are for. I wouldn't suppress any thing if I was running a paper."

The newspaper man took out his notebook and made an entry of the name of the critic.

"What's that for?" demanded the gentleman.

"To pull on you the next time you get into trouble like you did last March and come around and want the papers to hush it up. See?"

A dark brown silence fell on the group. In a moment the critic lifted his voice.

"As soon as you erase my name," said he, "I will move an adjournment to the cigar stand."

A Wise Man's Reflections.

A man on the point of doing a wrong thing should ask himself, not what other people will think of him, but what will he think of himself.

The poorest mathematicians are the quickest ones to contradict the multiplication table.

Never judge a person hastily. Even the dog in the manger may have been a nervous animal that needed rest and quiet.

If you must leave footprints on the sands of time, let your toes point in the right direction. Too often it happens that one's footprints abide as accusing witnesses.

There are many forks in the road to a success, and the wise man will not rely on guessing to find out which way to go when he comes to a bother.

Both in art and in practical life one should avoid a blind worship of the extraordinary; we too often bestow admiration when only curiosity is called for.—Century.

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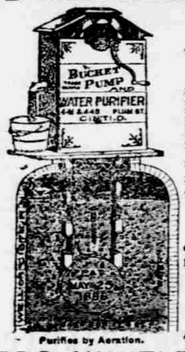

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It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
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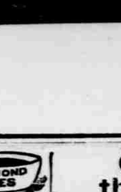

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HE SURPRISED ELIZA.

And After Doing It He Was Treated to a Little Surprise Himself.

John Roberts, of North East, is a farmer well enough to do, but he had always been eccentric about his clothes, writes a Salamanca correspondent of the New York Sun. Until a week or so ago he had not been known to buy a new suit of clothes for years. The ones he wore had been so often patched and repatched that no bit of the original warp and woof was visible. This personal slovenliness on the part of her husband was a source of constant annoyance to Mrs. Roberts, who is a woman of exceptional neatness. She long ago became so ashamed of his appearance that she would no longer accompany him to town to do her trading. This singular characteristic of the farmer was not owing to penuriousness, for he is a liberal man in all his dealings.

A few days ago he went to town to do a little trading, and, to the utter astonishment of the town, he purchased a new suit of clothes for himself. His new clothes were done up in a package, and he placed the package on the wagon seat beside him when he started home that night. It was a dark night. Farmer Roberts had got half way home when a brilliant idea struck him. He stopped his horse on a bridge where the road crosses the East branch.

"Ill do it, by gum!" he said. "I'll do it and su'prise Eliza!"

Thereupon the farmer rose up in his wagon and began to take off the patched and repatched clothes he had worn so long. As he removed a garment he tossed it into the creek until he had tossed them all in, and had nothing on but his shirt.

"Great apple sass!" he exclaimed. "But won't Eliza be su'prised!"

Then Farmer Roberts reached for the package that had his new clothes in. It wasn't on the seat. Farmer Roberts got down and reached under the seat. The package wasn't there. Then he felt all over the bottom of the wagon. The package wasn't any where on the bottom. Farmer Roberts rose up in the wagon and looked back along the pitch-dark road.

Then he climbed back in his seat, and away the horses went for home. The night was chilly, and there was three miles to go. When Farmer Roberts reached home and climbed out of his wagon he paused.

"The bull blee didn't work," said he "but I'll bet nine dollars that I su'prise Eliza!"

That he did no one doubts, but when he got up in the morning and went out to the barn clad in the hired man's overalls, and saw his package of new clothes hanging by its string on the brake handle at the side of the wagon, he was a little surprised himself.

HE SEIZED HIS WIG.

A Row That Took Place in Congress Before the War.

The bloodless and bruiseless fist-fight between Congressmen Wilson of Washington and Beckwith of New Jersey has started a flow of reminiscences of other ludicrous spats on the floor of the House, says a Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. One of the best stories is told by Colonel Hinton, who was a newspaper correspondent here before the war. Some phase of the slavery question was up in the House. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, had been talking, and, as usual, he had aggravated the Southerners. Barksdale, of Mississippi, replied. Hot words passed. This was not the Barksdale of recent service in the House, but General Barksdale, who was killed during the war. As the interchange of invectives grew more and more personal it seemed that an encounter was unavoidable. Roger A. Pryor, then a young Congressman from Virginia, raised the lid of his desk and slipped out a pistol. Several others got ready. Just as the crisis was at hand a giant of a man from Wisconsin named Potter suddenly reached over from the Republican side of the House and made a grab for Barksdale. The Mississippian had long hair, which he always wore carefully brushed. To the astonishment of the whole House the luxuriant hair proved to be a wig. It came off, of course. Potter stood there dumfounded, holding the magnificent covering aloft and looking first at the hair and then at the bald head beneath. The House held its breath for a moment and then roar after roar of laughter drowned out all feeling of resentment. Pryor raised the lid of his desk, put back his pistol, and laughed. Lovejoy sat down convulsed. Potter awkwardly restored the wig, and then both he and Barksdale smiled. There was no more thought of fighting over slavery that day.

A BLUE-GRASS IDYL.

Two Kentuckians Settle a Difficulty and a Bill in a Gentlemanly Way.

A blue-grass idyl has been circulating through the Southern society for several days. It is, says the New York Times, a tale of two Kentuckians—one a Major, the other a Colonel—who, after a night of luck at poker, determined to gratify an oft-expressed desire to visit New York. They came, and after two days of sight-seeing the Colonel suggested to the Major that a trip to New York would not be complete without a dinner at Delmonico's. The Major agreed.

It was deemed that it would hardly be considerate to take Mr. Delmonico unawares, and in order to prepare him for so unusual an event as a swell dinner for two the Kentucky gentlemen went to the restaurant early in the day, called for the head waiter and told him what they wanted. "Spare no expense," they said.

They dined at six. It was a splendid dinner. They tasted wines of all kinds that they had never heard of before. They ate a great deal and drank a great deal and told each other stories that both knew by heart. The banquet lasted three hours.

They called for their bill. The waiter placed a check, face down, on the menu. The gentlemen were toasting each other as the waiter did this, and when they placed their glasses on the table he was gone. They saw what appeared to them to be a scrap of paper on the menu and brushed it off. The old fellows were ignorant of the customs of French restaurants and they concluded that the menu must be the bill. The Colonel began to figure up the prices. It seemed that they had eaten a great deal, but the names of dishes were in a language unknown to them, and, any way, they were not in a mood to bother about trifles.

But the Colonel gasped when he figured up the total. It was $960.

"Great heavens, sah!" he exclaimed to the Major. "It is $960. If we pay this we can't get back home."

"We might," suggested the Major, faintly, "we might jump out of this window and run."

"No, sah," said the Colonel, bringing his fist down on the table. "We are Kentucky gentlemen, sah. We will pay this bill, sah, and then, sah, we will shoot the landlord, sah."

Presumption.

Miss Bussey (on receiving her first kiss)—I'm surprised at your audacity, sir.

Mr. Brace (giving her another)—I'm a little bit surprised at it myself; but I guess it's all right.—Puck.

Merely a Question of Legs.

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Johnny—A rattling good pair o' legs!—Texas Siftings.

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